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25 Cents

Labor Age

The National Monthly

Success!

Through Workers Education

Bronze Doors and Ivory Domes

Little Labor Lessons

The Spy at Work

The Traitor

Labor Age

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The National Monthly

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CONTENTS

SUCCESS—THROUGH WORKERS' EDUCATION, <i>Louis F. Budenz</i>	1
TWO AND TWO MAKE TEN	4
CORRESPONDENCE LESSONS	6
THOUGHTS ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT	8
THE TRAITOR	10
THE SOCIAL SERVICE SOB SISTERS	12
ONE OUT OF FIVE	14
BRONZE DOORS AND IVORY DOMES	15
DICTATORSHIP AND DECAY	18
CONFESSIONS OF A LABOR SPY	20

Contributors To this Issue

ANONYMOUS Writer of Labor Spy Series will be disclosed, if possible, at conclusion of articles.

C. J. HENDLEY. Director, Workers' Correspondence Course, Workers' Education Bureau of America.

PRINCE HOPKINS. Has been seeing Dictatorship at first hand in Italy and Spain, and has now gone to France.

URBAN SULLIVAN. Western newspaper man, writing on industrial questions.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS

ON May 20th, Jim Maurer rounds out 45 years of service in the American Labor Movement.

Trade unionist and Socialist friends in New York City have joined with LABOR AGE to celebrate this unusual event with a dinner in Jim's honor. It will mark not only an important milestone in his own career, but in that of the Movement itself.

President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, President of the Workers' Education Bureau, President of the Labor Publication Society—Jim has given the full energy of his young manhood and adult life to the fight of the organized workers. He has also served the Socialist movement—as a speaker and writer, a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, and a member of the National Executive Committee.

Always alive to the new currents in the Labor Movement, Jim early sized up the necessity for workers' education. He threw himself actively into the effort for that education, just as he had thrown himself into the hand-to-hand fighting of years before. For some years in his early manhood, he was

blacklisted in the state of Pennsylvania, driven entirely out of his first trade as a machinist. His union activity was the cause of this attack, which sent him from city to city and finally made him turn to a new trade, more protected from such attacks. There he could continue his agitation with better results.

In Jim's sparkling career, we see the various steps in the advancement of the Labor Movement. Workers' participation in control and "Industrial Democracy," still in a vague way, are set down as the goal of the united workers' efforts. In order to bring these to pass, workers education is essential. So it is felt. A wider knowledge of industry and the things in the minds of the employers will equip Labor as a group, better to make headway in the new order of things. The experience of the last 45 years has brought Labor to that conclusion.

In the dinner to Jim in New York is therefore symbolized American Labor's fighting program, plus the intelligent application of this spirit to the situation of here and now and the better social order of the future. May the workers' education now getting under way, lead to the creation of many Jim Maurers in the years to come!

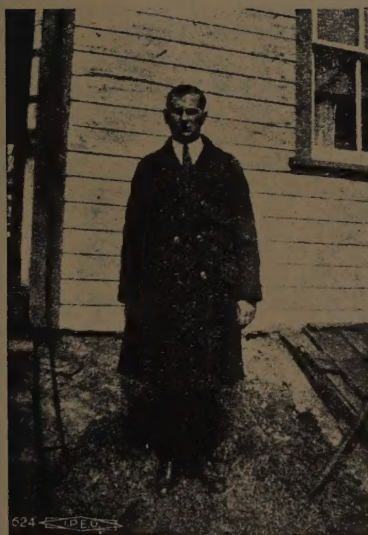
Labor Age

The National Monthly

Success!

Through Workers' Education

By LOUIS F. BUDENZ



MINERS TWO

Steve Jancsure, President and Ed. Anderson, Secretary, of the Hastings Class in Workers' Education—now over 100 strong.

YOUNG and zealous were the two fair ladies. To them had been given a vision, and they wished to make the most of it.

He realized this at once, by the way they drew him aside and began to ply him with questions.

They came from the Universities. He came from his educational work in District No. 2 of the Miners. And it was about this that they talked.

"What do the women discuss in their classes?" they asked.

"Coal," was his brief reply.

"But women can't be interested in Coal! Why not teach them to economize—domestic science?"

"My good young ladies," he answered, with more fervor than they thought he possessed, "how do you suppose these folks have lived for over a year, without a cent of wages? These women know all about economy, from hard experience. They have had to think up ways of keeping a family in good health, on a zero income. To try to teach them anything about that would be the height of folly."

They were visibly taken by surprise.

"Why shouldn't they want to learn about Coal? It is the source of their happiness or sorrow. It controls the wages of their husbands or brothers, and makes for the future welfare of their children. Their whole lives are bound up in Coal."

More surprise, registered in a flutter.

"Then you talk of economy. Both of you are wearing silk stockings. The miners' wives are getting along with cheap, cotton ones. You are finely dressed. They have to be content with gingham. Not that they would not like to have better apparel. They have the universal feminine desires. But they must economize!"

Complete, overwhelming surprise—which caused them to thank him, and say that they had learned a great deal indeed. They also promised to go out to the mining country—and learn some more.

Namby Pamby Against Hard Tack

In that little drama was portrayed the two extremes among those gathered at the Workers Education Bureau Conference in Philadelphia in mid-April. It was Namby Pamby against Hard Tack. Of course, there was another extreme. It had its inning in a left-handed way before the Conference was over. It would pledge the workers to a definite and infallible doctrine of salvation along the road of "Revolution." But that can scarcely be termed "education." Rather, it is the handing down from the clouds above of a Sacred Dogma. To be swallowed hook, line and sinker by all True Believers!

The Universities are still hanging about the fringes of the movement, trying in the best of good faith to link up with it somewhere. Of the Labor Fight, they are as innocent as a future babe still choosing its grandparents. No skulls from among their high-brow fraternity will ever be cracked on the picket line. No slow starvation from a lingering strike will ever invade their "bourgeois" households. The height of Workers' Education, within the limits of their knowledge, is a sort of crude edition of the public adult night school.

Trade unions must control their own education, as Fannia Cohn of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union has emphasized from the start. Academic folks must come to teach, when they will, as servants to the Labor Movement. Not as prophets. They will learn much more than they will ever teach.

Out of the smoke of the three-day meeting, the Labor Chautauquas and Classes in Coal of District 2 of the Miners have emerged as the hopeful growth of the last year. They have taken their place beside

the pioneering of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the Boston Trade Union College. Workers' Education seems likely to become more and more pragmatic. It will adapt its forms and methods to the needs of particular communities and industries. But it is fair to predict that the form and method that will be by far the most effective in the country as a whole will be the plan used so well in the fastnesses of Central Pennsylvania.

Securing "Success"

"Success" is the great American idol. In some way or other we all have a sneaking veneration for it in our systems. It is dinned into our ears from childhood. We run into it in three-fourths of the magazines and papers on the newsstands. It is the thing we secretly crave for, no matter what we are doing. How can you and I, as workers, attain Success?

The Universities would say: "Improve yourself individually." Mr. Gary would say that also. The Business Press would vow that it is the only way. They will tell you of newsboys who have become millionaires. As though that were "Success!"

The Trade Unions would say: "Improve yourself individually—by improving ourselves as a group." Mathematics will tell you that, even under the Present System, we can't all be millionaires. We can be bigger forces than that—men and women rising in the scale of Life's enjoyments through the rise of all our fellows. Out of the study of our industries that Success will come. It will give the workers the tools with which to carve out a great future for themselves. It will acquaint them with the How and Why of Coal, Steel, Building, or whatever their trade may be. It will show them the way, clearly, to a better control of Coal, Steel, Building and the like.

For that reason, the work of District 2 received first attention at the Conference. Mention of it appeared in almost every report. Although it did not modify very much the suggestions of the committee which reviews possible courses, it will do so in time. Brother Clinton Golden, field representative of Brookwood Workers College, declared it "the outstanding piece of workers' education in the country." He ought to know. He has just been from coast to coast, looking into workers educational methods.

Trade Unions Control

Trade Union control of the Workers Education Bureau itself was strengthened at the Conference. At its El Paso convention, the American Federation of Labor recommended that its affiliated internationals assess their membership, one-half cent per

member per year to support the Bureau. Up to that time, it had been going on its way—financing itself as best it could.

Control of the Bureau had also been in the hands of those most interested in its early work. They were the pioneers in the great movement. Now that the extent of the movement has grown, the Conference more definitely placed its management in the hands of the recognized leaders of American Labor. The internationals now have three members on the board of eleven. The American Federation of Labor has three; the labor colleges, two; the state federations and city central bodies, one. The President and Secretary, the other two, are elected by the Conference as a whole. The President, of course, as in the past, will always be a representative of the Labor Movement.

Some timid souls among the academic-minded had fears of what this change might mean. They were concerned lest instruction become too "stereotyped" in time. They dreaded that the social enthusiasm which makes workers' education live, might be dried up.

How unfounded were those fears! It was the representatives of Labor who fought for a pragmatic and liberal view of education. It is out of the classes themselves that must come the social fire that will make workers education thrive. John Frey, the able intellectual of the Labor Movement, has testified to this in his *MOLDERS JOURNAL*, in reprinting the classic pamphlet of Arthur Gleason on the anniversary of Gleason's death. Workers education, says that clear-thinking pamphlet, must deal with the trench warfare of the organized workers—with its eye always on the new and better world which the workers of tomorrow will create. Without these two qualities, the movement will simply die—and another will rise to take its place. That is all.

Jim Maurer said the same thing beautifully, in another discussion. "I am willing," he said, "to trust to the intelligence of my class. Give them the tools of knowledge, and they will work out their own salvation."

Workers' Education must, of its very nature, be under Trade Union control. For it to be otherwise, would be a contradiction in itself. Even the Plebs League in England is under the direction of a group of trades unions. The National Union of Railwaymen being the leader among them. The new move is a big move forward, making this education an integral part of the American union organization itself.

"Jazz" and "Revolution"

From the floor went up a plea for simplicity and jazz in "textbooks" for the workers. A picture of the things for which LABOR AGE stands was given by Brother Lefkowitz, of the Teachers Union of New York and Chairman of the Education Committee of the New York central body. He was ably seconded by Lillian Hertstein of the Chicago Federation of Labor. She pleaded for a "genius" who could give economic facts simply and jazzily—not merely for the workers, but for all students in all institutions. No doubt the pleas will be heard, and the "genius" will be found.

"Revolution" also had its momentary inning. You can always count on it to be around somewhere. This time it came in the person of Scott Nearing, granted the floor by Matthew Woll, although not a delegate. He proceeded to "sound a note of rebellion," by scoring the Bureau and urging it to come out for the "class struggle."

To him John Frey replied, defending the militancy of the American Labor Movement. To him also replied Jim Maurer, deriding the cry for "Revolution" that comes out of the "intellectuals" and non-members of the working class. "It is fine to incite the workers to useless strikes and uprisings," he said sarcastically, "when these will lead to sure defeat and to the suffering which the intellectual inciters will never feel. Some of you of New York are always fighting 'Revolutions'—around dinner tables. If you ever got in charge of a 'Revolution,' I would take to the tall timbers—it would be handled so badly. Go out on the picket line and get your heads cracked. Suffer with the workers a while—and you will talk differently." The "Revolutionary" suggestion was over-ruled, overwhelmingly.

Briefly: American Workers' Education is finding itself. It will remain pragmatic. It will not be committed to Dogma. It will increasingly follow the methods, in the rough, that District 2 of the Miners has taken up. It will get more and more away from the academic, and into those things about which the workers are vitally concerned. Out of that will come, unless all signs fail, a quickening of the spirit of the American wage earners and a further desire on their part to control their own destinies and usher in a real "Industrial Democracy."

That was the feeling that one got, as the delegates broke up at 7 o'clock on Sunday night, and left the Hotel Benjamin Franklin. "Poor Richard" himself could well have been around, to bid them success in their job, "in the trenches and for the future," during the coming year.

Two and Two Make Ten

Federal Judge Lewis—the Gerald Chapman of Denver

THEFT!

HERE is a story of Theft. As full of High Romance as the deeds of Gerald Chapman. No picture of Judge Lewis appears in the daily papers. No study of his face, as that of the "Master Criminal." For you who wish the whole truth of the matter, read it in the pamphlet: "Why the Utilities Win," by Dr. Delos F. Wilcox, the public utility expert. We can get it for you. As to the remedy—or one of them—remember the program of the A. F. of L. for the drawing of the fangs of those who sit on the Federal bench.

I. THE BANDIT

HOLD your breath!
You are now in the "awe-full" presence of the Federal District Court for the District of Colorado.

All arise. The worthy judge enters, in his flowing robes of solemn black.

We do not sit, until he sits. He is the Law. We respect the Law. We believe in the Law. Therefore, do we remain standing like faithful servants, until the Law has made himself comfortable.

A bandit stands before the judge. He has committed a great crime against the Law. He has attacked a mail car, in the dead of night. Coming up stealthily upon it, he and his gang have covered the crew with automatics. They have gotten away with their loot. But later they have been caught, after a man-hunt.

A Man-Hunt! It had followed them for days upon days. Furtively, they had stolen about the streets of the city. At every corner danger lurked. In the night, they could not go to sleep without the dread of the Hand of the Law descending upon them.

Life and freedom were now to be purchased dearly. Either might be taken from them at any hour. They existed in a perpetual sweat of torture. Not of conscience. But of fear of capture.

At last, that Hand had descended. They were tracked and trapped. Now their leader stood before the August Judge, to hear sentence passed upon him.

All knew what that sentence must be. The Law is the Defender of Property. Even of the People's Property. The man must pay the penalty for his rash act. Years upon years of black prison solitude confronted him.

The man knew that. That is why he had run away.

That is why he had hid himself, trying to escape the Law.

The Judge knew it best of all. His was the power to vindicate the Law. He would see that the Law was vindicated.

"Twenty years," he said, in solemn almost irritable tones. That was all. The man was led away. A fifth of a century of life was snatched away from him.

All breathed a sigh of relief. The sentence was just. The man had stolen that which was not his. Within our hearts, we praised the Law—high above us—that protected us from such vultures.

All arise. The Judge retires within the sacred precincts of his "chamber." There he receives the congratulations of his friends. He is the Law. And the Law again has triumphed.

II. THE LOOTING

Twenty-four hours pass—as twenty-four hours will.

Again are we in the Federal District Court for the District of Colorado. Again do we arise. Again do we pay our homage to the Law.

The case of the Denver Tramway Co. vs. the People of Denver is now before the Judge.

There is banditry here too. The tramway company has stolen from "public" and workers. Its officers fought their men five years ago with every means at their disposal, not short of murder.

Likewise have they robbed the "public." Stealthily, they have watered their stocks. Without automatics in their pockets but in other questionable ways, they stole franchises from the unsuspecting Denverites. Forty years ago it was. Then, they received perpetual franchises, giving them a 5-cent fare. But that was not enough. The loot was too small. After twenty years had passed, they received a 6-cent fare. The Council gave it to them, without consulting the car-riders. It was contained in a franchise that ran 20 years and was about to die.

Now that the last franchise is expiring, they thought of new thievery. They decided to get back their old, perpetual franchises. They decided to have the sky for the limit in the charges they would make. They decided that their valuation—the key to fares, wages and everything else—would go to the very top notch.

Thereupon they rushed into the arms of the Law. Not away from it, as had the mail bandits. Not secretly hiding to evade it and its minions. But directly at the Law. Into the bosom of the Law.

That is why we see the case in the Federal District Court of the District of Colorado.

The judge solemnly rises as before. What will he say? Can there be any doubt, other than before? Bandits are before him, as on yesterday. The Law must be vindicated as on yesterday.

The Law opens his mouth. "Your banditry is blessed," says he. "Your franchises are perpetual. They can never be taken from you. You can loot the people of Denver until doomsday. You can treat workers as you choose—for they are murderers and cut-throats. Any attempt to limit your fares is 'confiscation.' There shall be no limit to the fares. Your valuation is \$23,500,000 instead of the \$7,000,000, which the city claims. On it, earn all that you can. Earn—even though you cut wages to the marrow and raise fares to the skies."

"I will give you this valuation arbitrarily. I will not consider the facts. I will not give a damn for any man who says that the value of this company is less than \$12,000,000. Any man who has worked for a street railway company cannot know anything about valuation. I will only consider what street railway's own experts have to say."

Thus spoke the Law in substance. The "give a damn" phrase is taken exactly from the mouth of the Law. And wisely spoke he. For the Law is devised to protect Property. Federal Courts are devised to protect Property. And the people and the workers have no property rights—in America.

Thus were millions upon millions of dollars stolen from the humble Denverites. In broad daylight. Thus was the looting gang fastened on their shoulders for all eternity! Thus were the workers put permanently at the mercy of the same crew which had thrown murder into their ranks in 1920. Thus was it decreed that any limit to a fare was "confiscation."

III. THE JUDGE AT HOME

Homeward the Judge wends his weary way. In a high-powered car. While the "common herd" crowd and squirm to help the company loot them.

Into the bosom of his family goeth he. To receive congratulations. For the Law again has triumphed.

Around the soft-lighted dining table are gathered his faithful children. Up rises his son-in-law to greet the Law. He is Berrien Hughes, brother and partner of the general counsel of the Tramway Company. Receiver for the company and director also is the brother.

Screen your eyes, good friends, from that loving greeting. How sweet and solemn must have been the meeting of these two highwaymen! Lost in a dollarly embrace. Both watching the pockets of the other, as he does it.

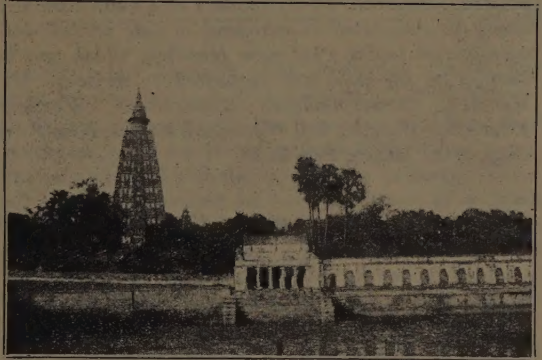
Then there arises the Judge's fair son, Mason A. Lewis. Senior member of the firm of Lewis and

OUR WHITED SEPULCHRES

SUPERSTITIONS die hard. In new forms they crop up, from age to age. The same awe and veneration that built those ancient temples in the Never-Never Land of a thousand years ago, is today fencing sacredness around our federal courts.

Little Calvin took occasion to notice this the other day. He spoke to a group of school children on the Constitution. To touch it any way—by bridging the powers of our judges—said he, was the deepest irreverence. The Constitution should stand petrified, even though judges are corrupt and rottenness pervades the land.

The reverence to the courts is the worst affliction of "democratic" America in this year of our Lord. What the courts are doing, under guise of this sheltering mantle, will be told from the record within our pages from month to month. Judge Lewis is presented as Exhibit A. Other exhibits will quickly follow.



Grant, the counsel for the Bondholders Protective Committee. They were the interests who wanted the high valuation. It would protect their bonds.

Longer, still longer, was the affectionate reunion of father and son. The father had given what the son had wished. Well had he said that he would not "give a damn" for anyone who put the value below \$12,000,000. The family might have been let out of the loot.

Thus are two and two made—Ten. Over the country, everywhere, the Federal Courts are establishing valuations for utilities on this basis, and fixing rates accordingly. When local commissions balk at boosting the charges, the federal judge is a handy tool of the utilities in the game of getting all that the traffic will bear—and then some. The facts of investment, the actual cost of the property, the amount of "water" involved—are never taken into consideration. The companies demand a raise. That is all the judge requires.

Off in a Connecticut prison Gerald Chapman may well repent his useless life. Over in Denver or elsewhere, may bandits sentenced by Judge Lewis reflect on their misdeeds. They have not learned the secret of the Law. They must learn that the first and safest form of banditry is—to be the Law.

Correspondence Lessons

Supplied by Workers' Education Bureau of America

By C. J. HENDLEY

This lesson on the "Progress of the American Labor Movement," is the second of a series of articles that have been prepared by Mr. C. J. Hendley, formerly traveling tutor of workers' classes in Pennsylvania, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor. These lessons were prepared primarily for members of study classes that were outside the range of the usual educational centers and have been the basis of some very useful correspondence courses. Those readers of LABOR AGE who would be interested in enrolling in this correspondence course under Professor Hendley, which will be carried on by mail, are requested to write to Mr. Hendley, Correspondence Department, Workers' Education Bureau, 476 West 24th Street, New York City, or to LABOR AGE itself.

The Increasing Importance of the Labor Movement

LESSON II.

THE present-day labor movement is one of the most important developments in the history of mankind. Statements of this kind are often made to catch labor votes; but is true, nevertheless. The leading thinkers of the world recognize in the labor movement something different from anything recorded in past history, and a movement of great importance not only to union members but to all mankind. It has been only within the last hundred years that the people who do the work of the world have organized themselves by the thousands and millions into permanent economic organizations with definite purposes and plans of action. In the ancient past and in the middle ages there were rebellions of workers against unbearable conditions, but they were the blind revolts of unorganized and ignorant people without discipline or well-thought-out plans. The modern labor movement is the conscious effort of highly intelligent men and women, who have definite ideas of what they want and how to get it. And this movement is growing in power. Labor is now more conscious of its strength and more ambitious to attain its purpose than were the workers of the past.

In the progress of organized labor we see the development of real, practical democracy. Of course, we hear much about the labor politician and the political machine in the big unions; but these are merely incidental. The essence of practical democracy is voluntary organization by large numbers of people

and their working together consciously for the common good. The student should look for the evidences of the success or failure of labor unions in this respect. Active union members can doubtless point out examples where the rank and file of the workers have been bossed by their leaders and led in the wrong direction; but perhaps they can give instances where the union members have had a will of their own, and succeeded in carrying out their purpose in spite of efforts to control them.

Progress Toward Political Democracy

During the last two hundred years the world has had a great deal to say about political democracy. Nearly three hundred years ago a rebellious portion of the English people rose against their king and cut off his head because he had insisted on ruling the nation as he pleased and against the will of Parliament. The democratic principle was then established that Parliament, which represented a good portion of the people of England, should exercise the principal powers of government. Our Revolution of 1776, the French Revolution of 1789, and the Russian Revolution of 1917 were caused by men's determination to govern themselves rather than to submit to the tyranny of autocrats.

It is easy to show that we do not yet have anywhere a complete and successful democratic government; but the most of us, perhaps, feel that we have made progress in that direction. At any rate, few people have the nerve to advocate an autocratic government as a permanent policy. Our slogan in the World War, "Make the World Safe for Democracy," was a popular appeal. Perhaps the reason for this is that the mass of the people have a faith in the idea of political democracy.

Industrial Democracy Demanded

At the present time there is a strong demand for democracy in industry. For business and industry are managed autocratically; and the workingman suffers from this management. Labor is being used to keep industry going for the benefit of the owners of industry rather than for the benefit of all. The student of the labor movement should look for evidence of this problem. And he should look for evidence of labor's progress in solving it. Is labor making any progress toward controlling industry and managing it so it will serve for the benefit of all rather than for making a few people rich?

Progress of Labor in the Past

History teaches that labor has passed through important changes in the past. In early times warriors learned how to force their captives to work for them. Then the great mass of workers were slaves. Slavery lasted for a long time; but there came a time when the majority of the workers were serfs. The serf had a little more freedom than the slave. He was a tenant on a tract of land; but he was not allowed to move from place to place as he pleased, and he was required to work a certain number of days each year for the owner of the land. But serfdom was not permanent. By the time Columbus discovered America there had developed in Europe a class of free-hand workers who owned their tools and the products of their labor and were free men. In our museums we have specimens of their wonderful workmanship.

About the time of the American Revolution there began a great change in industry that caused another great change in labor. Powerful machines were invented to do the work of the hand workers. Then there began a long, painful struggle between the hand workers and the machine, which has lasted until today; but so far the machine has won. The principal form of labor now is the wage-earning machine operator, who owns neither his machine nor the product of his labor. He gets so much per hour for operating the machines that belong to his employer. Of course, all the workers of the present are not machine operatives, but they make up the most important element of labor in the United States. And there are all degrees of skill among these machine operatives, from the highly skilled technician to the child who merely watches the automatic machine.

The Labor Union a Modern Force in Industry

Now the labor union has come into existence since the invention of machinery; and it is the means the wage-earners are using to improve their condition in the modern system of machine industry. It deals with many complicated social and industrial problems; as for example, the organization and discipline of the workers in the unions, methods of securing a larger share of the products of industry for labor, the improving of sanitary and other working conditions in industry, the helping of workers in times of distress and the educating of workmen concerning their own welfare.

Many current events give evidence that these labor organizations are influential factors in present-day life. The daily newspapers, the magazines, and the thousands of new books contain discussions that show that the policies and tactics of organized labor are of great concern to people generally. One recent evidence of the power of organized labor is the failure of the open-shop drive. Most powerful interests were bent on breaking the power of the unions in this

STAGE LIFE

Has an Attraction for all of Us—
But we do not know it's ups and downs.

PEGGY WOOD

The talented Actress, will tell us of it
And why the Actors have stood so strongly Union

IN THE JUNE ISSUE

Full of Human Interest and Real Information.

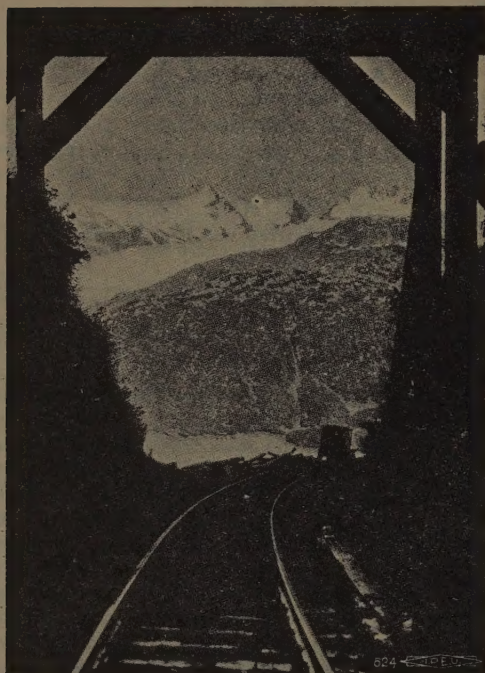
country; but perhaps their principal success has been the uniting of labor more firmly than before.

In trying to estimate the importance of the labor movement consider the labor union, the labor press, the labor school and the co-operative esociety. These all have been created to meet the needs of a great mass of people. They are the products of the experiences of working people. They are influencing the thought of the times; and as the power of the labor movement grows, the influence of these four institutions must increase. In past history the class in society that controlled the economic power of the time largely controlled the main currents of thought. For example, in the days of slavery, the slave owner's ideas prevailed. Most people thought as he did about what was good for everyone. At the present time the business man does most of our thinking for us. When he opens his mouth to speak on any subject the rest of us open our mouths to listen. Now, the question arises, if labor continues to grow in power until it controls the economic power in society, will it not largely control the thought of the times?

All fundamental changes in society must necessarily be brought about by those who feel most intensely the need for them. Christianity, political democracy, and all other great social movements have grown out of the needs and aspirations of the masses. The leaders of great reforms may often not appear to belong to the masses; but they achieve permanent success in so far as they serve the needs of the great mass of mankind. At the present time the industrial workers appear to be in a position to feel most keenly and to see most clearly the need for reorganizing industry so that it will satisfy more fully the needs of all mankind. It thus seems to be in the natural order of things that the organized labor movement should lead the way toward changing our present habit of thinking that private profit must always come before human welfare.

Thoughts on An Important Subject

From New York to Tamiment and Back Again



SCENE ON OUR RAILROAD

A view on the U. S.-owned Alaskan Railroad, as shown in Thompson's "Public Ownership."

I. THE DISCUSSION

OUT of New York City, through Northern Jersey, runs a rolling road toward the West. Through Dover, Morristown and the pleasant Lake Hopatcong region, it makes its way to the Pennsylvania border and to Stroudsburg.

Over that road, next month, not a few folks will be hurrying—to the waters and woods of Camp Tamiment. Rest and recreation will not be the sole attractions at the beautiful labor-owned camp. There will be the added urge of the conferences of the League for Industrial Democracy. Discussion of labor and economic progress will be the order of the day from June 27th to 30th.

In these Dark Ages of Coolidge-ism and Von Hindenburg-ism, the League for Industrial Democracy raises a challenge to the present way of doing things. It refuses to admit that Reaction can hold out against the movement forward of mankind. It denies that the moral oil lamp will remain the light for us to follow. Gas light and electric, socially

speaking, are bound to come—just as they came in the mechanical field.

The challenge is pronounced this year, in the discussion of Public Ownership for America. The subject will be thoroughly analyzed. Experts on the railway situation like Otto Boyer of the Labor Bureau, on Giant Power like Robert Bruere of the SURVEY, on municipal utilities like Dr. Delos F. Wilcox, will present the problems and possibilities of Public Ownership in each sphere. Morris Hillquit will debate the general question of the advisability of Public Ownership with Mr. H. Williams of the American Electric Light Association.

Mr. Williams, of course, stands for a "public ownership" of his own—the so-called "public ownership" devised by the utility companies. This is the stock-selling scheme, which the innocent worker and "citizen" is supposed to swallow whole, in order that his little share of stock will bind him forever to the utility companies. But public ownership meaneth not that. As the discussion at Tamiment will reveal. The 100 per cent control is the rub.

II. HELL AND AN ULTIMATUM

HELL is said, on good authority, to be paved with good intentions.

If that be true, then this old world of ours is a hell of a place. How many attempts to gain control of economic life by the mass of the people has been stopped, halted, cut off by the simple reason that they were not as alert in action as their enemies, the Masters! Good may their intentions have been, but they came to little because something more was lacking.

The Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and the American Federation of Labor have set out, upon a fight for Public Ownership of Giant Power. Unless they win, we will all cash in our checks—to the Electric Trust. Within its plants, not one breath of unionism is tolerated. Within its plans, not one thought of the poor honest dub—you and me—is allowed. (Only the other day, the courts—lackeys of all That Is—decided that the General Electric Company violated no Anti-Trust Law by reason of controlling the Light of the World.)

The Electric Trust is moving rapidly. Labor must go faster to catch up with it and halt its robbery of the public water of the land. The Sovereign State of Pennsylvania (carried around in the pockets of Bootlegger Andrew Mellon and Slush-Fund Joe Grundy, President of the Pennsylvania Manufac-

turers Association) started out to learn something about Giant Power.

Governor Gifford Pinchot—a milk and water Liberal, full of good intentions, but that's all—thought to make this study of Giant Power a half-way check on the Power Trust. His commission proposed a plan, to "curb" the Power Trust by letting them build big power plants at the coal mines, under "regulation." Shades of our Public Service Commissions and the he-harlots that sit upon them! One of the very likely first commissioners to "regulate" Giant Power would probably be William B. Ainey, than whom no greater bootblack of the Power Trust remains unhung.

Then, the State would in some way recapture these plants—in the sweet by-and-by. "Recapturing" has been an amusing and expensive indoor sport of our cities with their street railways, for lo! these many years. The recapturing simply hasn't come to pass.

Not a word spake the Giant Power Commission of Public Ownership—which Labor has found to be the only way out, if it has to fight to get it. Not a word of avoiding those evils which have plunged us into the vile conditions on the railroads and in coal and in our other utilities.

But the Power Trust, in its arrogance, did not even want that sort of thing. It wanted a new Commission, which would be composed, three-fourths, of its own members!

Half-way measures will not work. The workers in the electrical industry demand public ownership, and nothing short of it. John Brophy of the Miners introduced a similar resolution at the last convention of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, where it was carried unanimously. That is Labor's answer—to Liberals and to Power Trust. No more mistakes, as in the past, is the ultimatum.

(The word "Hell," by the way, signifies "Light" in the good old German tongue. Might we not properly—under circumstances—call the General Electric, the "Hell Trust?")

III. A WORKERS' PROGRAM

AND then, there is the effort for public ownership of transit, with workers participation in control. How oft has it been slain, only to rise, like Banquo's ghost, to haunt the Wall Street slayers.

It is a tough life, this, of being a Tory. Dedicated to the thought that all that is, is good, you retire to your downy couch at nightfall, thinking all is well. Rebellion has been squelched. Only to rise and find that the whole damn thing has started all over again.

New York City approaches a municipal election. The big issue will be transit. Nothing is more important to the Big City at this moment than the settlement of its street railway problems. How gigantic is the problem may be seen from the fact that more persons ride on New York's transportation system each year than in the next three cities of the country put together.

A transit commission was created a few years ago by Governor Miller, a corporation lawyer and stool pigeon for the traction interests. It clothes its plan to sandbag the innocent car-riders of Gotham with fair words about "final public ownership." It is a fraud upon the workers of the Greater City.

To it Mayor Hylan has replied with a militant attitude—one that has saved the city from absolute surrender to the gang that has boosted fares all over the country and tied up the cities so that public ownership is very far away. But the Mayor has no clear-cut program for completing the job of taking over the traction lines. At the best, many of his ideas are a bit vague.

The Socialist Party has put forth a plan which meets the issue squarely. If the workers' side finally wins—as it is sure to do—no matter who puts it through, this program just announced by the Socialists' Transit Committee must be the backbone of any public ownership proposal. It is as concise and free from bureaucracy as the celebrated plan for public ownership of the railways, put forward some years ago by the railroad unions.

It provides for no partnership with the companies at any stage of the game, as the Transit Commission and its boss, the companies, would like to see come to pass. It follows the best of the methods for securing street railway systems, which Mayor (now Senator) Couzens used so effectively in Detroit—by determining to bring the companies to their knees through competition, if that should prove necessary. But more important than all, it provides for representation on the Board of Directors for the employees of the publicly-owned rapid transit system. Perhaps not enough representation for those workers, but enough to make it the beginning of further workers' participation, as time goes on.

What is the word? "Refreshing." That expresses it. Out of a confused situation, this report has brought the interests of the common people into the light of day. Regardless of party ties, it is a program round which they can rally—to insist that it be put through, no matter what agency they may delegate to do it in their name. Workers of other cities, here is a cue for you. Public ownership with workers participation in control is the stepping stone to a decent and democratic street railway system.

The Traitor

A Romance of an American Village

By LEON NOEL

THIS is the first of a number of labor novelettes appearing in our pages. THE TRAITOR was not the first scheduled to appear, but necessity compelled us to begin with it. It will be followed by THE PLAYER PIANO, THE OLD MAN and LOST—in rapid succession. Still others are in preparation.

Although the Rev. Roland Eweneck's adventures are closely interwoven with the affairs of one set of laborers, as we shall see, the other stories are even more intimate pictures of the American worker, as he sees himself and as others see him.

PEACE lay upon the soul of the Rev. Roland Eweneck. Upon his face, as he looked up from his opened book, there lingered a beatific smile. Far across the roadway were the hills, and beyond them the setting sun, which bathed him in its glory.

Again that day had temptation sought to ensnare the Rev. Roland, and again had he spurned it, rejected it and cast it away. Not without some pain. Not without some struggle. Not without a vague unrest, that seemed Gargantuan to his single-minded soul. Visions of St. Anthony and St. Simon on his pillar, and other noble ascetics had come to his fevered inner self—and put him beside them as their co-equal.

It had all arisen through his visit to the demure Mrs. Cutter-Caper. It had been a pastorly visitation, but it had ended in anything but pastorly reflections. Nietzsche had written something about a "Blond Beast"; "perhaps he meant a blonde woman," thought the Rev. Roland, who had never read Nietzsche or any other author with anything resembling thoroughness. Mrs. Cutter-Caper was blonde. She was charming. She was dashing, even in her loving, intense, fervid interest in religion—in which her husband had not joined with her.

The rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Comforter had done all within his power to bring comfort to the lady, thus so unhappily afflicted. He had felt a strange attraction leading him frequently to the Cutter-Caper threshold. In the beginning, he assured himself that it was concern for the spiritual welfare of the household's lord and master that drew him from his accustomed rounds of petty charity and mercy to an increasing concentration on the heavenly

progress of one family. But soon he was compelled to confess that it was the soul of the pretty mistress herself, which had become his metaphysical specialty. There were many lanes and windings in that soul, many distressing moral problems which kept him busily enough engaged. All through the Spring and early Summer he had been resolving this doubt and that, this pretty little difficulty and that, until he had become the veritable clearing house and haven of refuge for all of Mrs. Cutter-Caper's ups and downs, ins and outs—physical, economic and spiritual; to her increasing joy and to his own increasing uneasiness.

Just why he had been uneasy, he had not been able to divine. It was only today that he had made the great discovery. The day had been rather warm, with the scent of flowers in the air, and a drowsy sweetness everywhere through the village. (Except of course, in the "foreign" quarter, where a few newly-arrived immigrants lived, and where despite all the women's efforts, flies would come and impure air would creep in. The ramshackle housing which was theirs seemed to invite like company in the insect and animal world.)

The Rev. Roland rather liked to go among the immigrants. He had read all about them in "How the Other Half Lives." It filled him with the thrill of adventure to come up to their doorsteps, try to wrestle with a few words of their language, ask about their family, pat their children on the head, and act in a thoroughly approved social-servicy and pastoral way.

But the thrill in his soul and the spring in his step this morning were not occasioned by the folks from beyond the seas. They had to do with the consolation which he would carry to his parishioner. The song of Divine Love quivered through all Nature, an exultant melody.

She greeted him in a blue kimono, languid-eyed and smiling. A true daughter of the Spring—or of those old days when Tiberius danced at Capri.

"Ah! You have come. What would I do without your kind assistance. My naughty husband has run away to a Jewelers convention. He is always thinking of his wretched business."

How pressing were her little problems, how complicated; rushing at her like the rats and goblins at the little tin soldier on his thrilling ride through the sewer. They confused her, they disturbed her, they caused her to lean (figuratively, of course) more and

more upon the Rev. Roland. Now there were tears in her eyes as she spoke; now smiles. She grew fervid in the narration, she pressed his hand, she drew close—and the sweet scent of her body was like the scent of the flowers out there in the dancing sunshine.

He beheld a dainty ankle. Then, although he could scarcely credit his vision, the rolled top of a silken stocking, with a pink knee above it. His head reeled in a vague crucible. Stammering, he rose, almost choking as he spoke, and pleaded that he was late on another engagement. Something ran through his mind of Joseph tempted by Potiphar's wife. But Potiphar's wife could never have been so fair, so enticing.

A frown clouded Mrs. Cutter-Caper's pretty face, and a pout puckered her red, cherry lips. "You are going?" she asked, as though injured. "Yes, I must," he replied hoarsely and could say no more.

Out he rushed, alternate fever-heat and zero-cold surging over him. His head beat and buzzed like a dynamo. A strange tightness bound his entire being. Hat crumpled under arm, he strode down the streets, heedless of the gaping villagers.

"The Rev. Eweneck is absent-minded today," they smiled, one to the other. But of the thoughts and impulses that ran through his brain and body they had no suspicion. A minister of the gospel, of the Evangelical or near-Evangelical sort, had naught in common with the earth, earthy. Only a week before one of Roland's colleagues, the Rev. Gideon Order, had assailed a public official, with an obviously false charge. The indiscreet gentlemen under fire had called the Rev. Gideon "a liar." And though it was clear that such indeed had been, the town rose as one man, and drove out of office the offending solon.

Far from Roland's mind were these events as he made for the green and white and red of the village cemetery. It was the only place of beauty in the place, this city of the dead. It was the park, playground, spooning spot and burial ground of the villagers. Today it was silent, with no one visible but the caretaker far off in one corner, clipping the branches of some old trees. The long roll and run of greensward and white and brown headstones (broken only by the few huge monuments that testified to the worth of some clever exploiter of his fellows) calmed the distressed soul of the Rev. Roland.

He sat under a tree—his favorite—closed his eyes and breathed in the cool air that swept the open place. Presently he arose and ambled among the gravestones, reading the names and dates of the departed—many of whom had died long before the American Revolution. Frequently he had done this

before, piecing together as best he could in his imagination the probable story of each pioneer.

Hours passed in this fashion—hours broken by gusts of the old passion, by a momentary restlessness, by an urge to return to the household from which he had fled. Finally, with the coming of afternoon, he had bethought himself of Holy Writ. To it he would fly—and hide himself.

And thus had he found peace. He had read and read—those pages which would bring peace. Carefully he had avoided the "Song of Songs" and other cries of the primitive that might upset his resolution. In the great message of the Sermon on the Mount he had drowned his entire self. From each of its beautitudes he had gained strength and vision.

"Blessed are the Peacemakers," "Blessed are the Meek," "Blessed are those who suffer for Justice sake." Their call rang through his being. He would abandon the petty round of individual comforting, and turn to a bigger mission. The way lay clear before him. From his pulpit, in all his efforts, he would strive for Justice. He would raise his voice in the combat against Evil, which was War and Human Injustice. He would preach peace and act peace.

That was why he smiled, as he made his resolutions. And he rose, went into his house and began to prepare his sermon for the following Sunday. Little knew he of the way that lay before him.

(Concluded in our next issue)

THE SKY LINE OF LABOR

And the Battle for Industrial Control

IT was a number of years ago. William James, the great American philosopher, was returning from a lecture at Chautauqua. The meaninglessness of life to those who had attended the lectures had struck home to him. He felt depressed at their mediocrity and lack of vision. The Middle Class were hopeless, thought he.

Then, as he rode home, he beheld the men on the great skyscrapers—at work on the iron and steel. They are the heroes of the present day, writes he. They are supplying the deeds which move the rest of the world. They do the things by which the rest of us may live.

It is interesting that today the Chautauqua is being taken, under the workers' own auspices, to those who do the work for the world. Out in the coal fields that experience has begun. It is also interesting to know that the men who excited the admiration of James are still on the battle-line of conflict—not merely in the hazardous jobs which they perform, but in the menace of the Iron League pitted against them. The fight of the Open Shop is on hot and heavy in the sky-line of Labor.

The Social Service Sob Sisters

Full of Wailing and Gnashing of Teeth

By BILL BROWN, BOOMER

P. S.—Seems to me I must have been kind of sore when I set down these here observations. Out of humor. Complexed. Irritated. Now I don't always feel so peeved at these here social workers. Not near. They mean well! Sometimes, they do well. But here, at this hour, again is the advice to them good: Get on the right side of the fence. Humanity is not served by dope and bromides. Put your good intentions in the right channels, and you and I will both feel better about it. Sounds good, anyway!

DON'T it beat hell, friends?

Here am I in the Chicago Y. M. C. A. Hotel, feeling like a guy in a jail or in a bank safety deposit vault—the room is so tin-like and square and safeguarded. (They give you your key and you've got to show that key to the elevator man or he won't give you a lift to your resting place and downy couch. But it's got it all over the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. anyway, with its smells that remind you of a garbage can full of rejected garlic and its cheering ways that make you think of going home to mother and committing suicide.)

Well, here I am pouring into the Gideon Bible, and learning more damn cussedness than ever I knew in all my booming career. Seems to me that all those there Christians that do the John D. Rockefeller, Jr. act must have only read the Old Testament, and confined themselves to certain passages in it, for their religion. Those old boys way back there certainly did go some, to show that they had the real, honest-to-God way of living straight and going straight to the Bosom of Jehovah.

But I was reading along like that—with my eyes and ears wide open—when I accidentally felt in my pocket, and there was—two magazines that I had accidentally borrowed from the Chicago Public Library, without permission. Well, I was so scared that I might get that kind of religion I had been reading about that I sort of heaved a sigh of relief and turned to this new haven of refuge.

The first magazine was the *OUTLOOK*. (I always read it to punish myself and see just how mean I can feel.) And here my eyes, strained already, mind you, fell upon the name of a fellow named Carver—Professor Thomas Carver of Have-it University. Now, if you want to learn anything, never read anything that a Professor's got to say. Because he always writes in a sweat, looking around his shoulder to see

that no Big Money Boys are about to take his job away from him. But I fell this time—and fell hard.

This fellow Carver says we are having a "Revolution" in America. Gosh, that scared me more than the Gideon Bible. The boy that's got nothing is more frightened of a "Revolution" than anybody else; and if there is anybody whose joint possessions amount up to minus zero, I'm that boy. But he quieted me down almost instantly; for his "Revolution" consists in electing Little Calvin Coolidge and Big Mouth Dawes. (Which, of course, is quite a change in the American form of government, considering that such an "agitator" as Tom Jefferson had a lot to do with rigging it up.) And it also consists in selling stock to the poor, misguided workingmen—who never knew up to just a little while ago that old Elbert Gary was the Angel Gabriel in disguise. So, when you see a stock salesman—and of course we workingmen will be just besieged with them—you go right up to him, bold-like, and pat him on the back, and say: "Comrade, Yours for the Revolution!" He'll give you a warm reception, you can just be sure of that.

Well, old Carver just had tears of gratitude in my eyes and a hymn in my heart and I was going to fall on my knees and ask God to bless little Calvin and keep him pure and stupid, and to let that old suit of his hold out, so that there wouldn't be a slit in the pants at the next White House reception. (You know, I was just getting in that frame of mind that you get in, in the third act, when the sad, soft music plays and you suddenly discover you've caught a bad cold and need a handkerchief.) When the old boy goes and spoils it all—by winding up with an appeal for "sanity." Sanity still reigns, says he, and the country is still saved. Now, that was an awful shock. For I can stand for Calvin being dumb and all that, and riding a wooden horse and stealing a safety pin to fasten his suspenders, but when he and we all get sane, then it's too much. Because all the people that I knew of that amounted to anything had a little bit of insanity in them. And my family psycho-analyst says that that's the only way to amount to anything. So I draw a line on being sane—because I always know when a man talks about being that, there's a snag somewhere.

So, I threw old Carver away and thought I might get a dash of insanity by reading the *SURVEY*. When I was in Fall River or New Bedford or some other textile town, I saw this here magazine on a labor

leader's desk. And I says: "That's good. It will give him a broader, better outlook, you know—more constructive, less class-conscious or class-conscientious or whatever you call it. These workers need a wider view, you understand, a wider view."

Well, when I got to reading that there SURVEY I thought sure enough I had gone plumb insane. Here was their patron saint, John D., all canonized ahead of time. They hadn't let him die yet—and they were kissing his relics—good, hard cash, you understand—in almost lugubrious manner. (That word "lugubrious," I just found in the cross-word dictionary and it's such a nice, long word, it fits right in with what I want to say.)

They were sighing and sobbing over that there self-sacrificing martyr till the oil fell from their orbs of sight like glycerine does in the movies. Well, I got to heaving and sighing myself—over how he had helped the helpless and succored the suckers. And I got to thinking how noble and generous he was, to go and give that Synagogue in Cleveland half-a-million dollars, just to get it out of the neighborhood, so his rich friends would not be disturbed by those Semitics.

And I was thinking of packing up and going to the Fourth City and shaking good old John D.'s hand, and telling him how proud I was of him—as a fellow-American, you understand. And then, I remembered that a good pal of mine had his pants kicked for going up to the gate one fine morning and asking—quiet-like—"How is good Mr. Rockefeller's health this morning?" They thought the poor guy was going to blow the oil man up. And the papers had big headlines: "Radical ejected from Rockefeller Grounds."

So, I checked up my enthusiasm and "came to the conclusion" that that was no place for me. I'd just let those social workers go on singing old John the Baptist's praises, as a kind of proxy for me. They seem to have the winning ways, anyway, and avoid being called "radical" pretty darn well.

And then, I hit it on the head—the thing that had been going through my mind all the time, in a lot of places. That's just what these here social workers are: professional sob sisters. They help the workers slobber over the Big Boys, and they help the Big Boys wail and weep over the workers—without having the trouble, you understand, to inconvenience themselves in any way by looking the poor, misguided workers in the face.

Whenever there's any difficulty between the bosses and the guys underneath, you understand, they just step in—quiet, voice trembling like a minister looking for a large donation to the church—and say:

"This whole misunderstanding"—it's always a "misunderstanding"—"is the result of heredity. We must eugenic-ize the workingmen, and then they will be all set. They will know their places, and all of us will be happy." Or, something like that. They always have a good excuse for letting the boss out, and for making him the big gun, annointed by the Almighty to shower blessings on all the rest of us "submerged classes."

Of course, we can't fuss about that, you understand. These here social workers get their pay from the bosses. It's Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Russell Sage and Mr. This-and-That, who keep the breath of life in them. And they have to run around, too, to these nice gentlemen, and beg to help them out sometime. So, they are more to be pitied than censored, you understand. For, they're sort of bigger beggars in their own way than these here above-mentioned "submerged"—which is the fancy name for you and me—and which they card-index and file and fuss about all the time, just like they were playing a game or something.

(And then, every bunch of boys that has ever been on top has had a set of professional mourners to do their weeping for them. So, why not have the same for our present, up-to-date Kings and Captains of Industry? Why should this Royal America of ours be behind King Tut in those there things?)

So, it's a sort of balled-up "proposition," as the boss says when you ask him for a raise. But all I got to say to the SURVEY and the rest of them is (charitable-like): It's better to be remembering Ludlow and the stealing and thievery and blood-letting that made John D.'s pile and be thinking of democracy and the workers who will make it, than of how nice and helpful (especially to your friends) is Mr. Rockefeller's God-given pile at the present time. And it's damned better, it seems to me, to let off sobbing for a while and be men and women, by becoming servants of the organized workers themselves.

It won't have the thrill in it, you understand. You'll have to be followers, not leaders, of the "submerged"—and that will be an awful come-down, I'll admit.

But it'll do good to your soul and make your conscience sort of easier-like. Because there's a whole lot of good stuff in that Gideon Bible after all—if you only read it right. The chosen people today are the workers, friends, and they're going to fight it out until they win, just like those rough old boys long ago. You might as well be in at the finish.

One Out of Five

In Which American Unionism is Inventoried

EVER and on, as we effuse when poetically inclined, Business taketh an inventory.

It checketh up to see how go the profits and losses and how much further it can squeeze the Lemon, Worker.

An old piece of information, that. The notion that Labor may take an inventory on its own account—or even someday do its own squeezing on its own account is still a most novel one. We look forward with a thrill of anticipation to the day when the first move is made for the workers actually to control industry in America. It will cause many strokes of apoplexy among the old boys who have been enjoying themselves in controlling the workers.

For the present we must all forego the intense pleasure of beholding that Colossus of Christian Hypocrisy, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., topple over with stangulation of the intestines at learning that the company union of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. has really and truly determined to take over the “works” out there beyond Denver. Let us confine ourselves to present realities and see where we stand.

A most eminent body of gentlemen is the National Bureau of Economic Research. It is looking into the “ifs” and “ands” of the Present Profit System. It is turning inside out those recurrent Business Cycles—which bring us the Black Plague, Famine and a number of other entertaining curses all at one time in the shape of Unemployment. In the course of that examination, it has found it necessary to find out the strength of unionism during the years that have passed.

Dr. Leo Wolman was commissioned to make the study of how trade unionism had fared from 1880 to 1923. He presents his usual clear picture of the state of the Labor household during these 44 years of American history. Twice did the union membership rush to high “peaks,” once in 1887 when it attained 1,000,000 and again in 1920 when it went up to 5,000,000. In each instance decline followed the rise. After 1887, “the losses suffered by labor unions were so great that membership in the early nineties was probably little more than a few hundred thousand; and since 1920 the unions have lost more than one and a quarter millions.”

The two cases are not similar, however. In that faraway period, 40 years ago, labor unionism was something new and uncertain of itself, torn by internal strife. In this decade of ours, it is recognized as something permanent, even though its very life is challenged by the doctrines of company unionism and the Open Shop.

Checking up on the labor gains and losses, we find that in 1920 one out of every five industrial wage-earners were members of a union organization. That is much better than many of us supposed it to be. The year 1920 had to be chosen because it is the year of the census, when the figures on the total number of wage-earners in the country can be roughly obtained. In that year there were over 26,000,000 wage-earners in America, or 23,000,000 when farm workers were subtracted. Of these, over 4,800,000 were in the ranks of Organized Labor. This makes 20.8 per cent organized, against 10.9 per cent in 1910, the year of the previous census.

Before the Great War, steady strength was gained in the building trades, steam railroad and printing industries, and in the coal mines of the country. From 1915 to 1920, a wave of organization hit the other industries, bringing in thousands of new members. Many of these unions promptly lost their gains in the depression that followed the war. Of all of them, the needle trades arose to “new and higher” levels than in 1914, their rise being as remarkable as that of the United Mine Workers in the preceding era. The American Federation of Labor gained among the organized bodies, the percentage of workers in independent groups declining steadily, save with the rise of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

One out of five in our ranks in 1923! Perhaps slightly more than the other four, to be won over to unionism again in this year of our Lord, 1925. Were personal wishes to be their guide, the overwhelming number of these outside, would be union men, carrying on the Labor Fight. The job that the American Federation of Labor has set for itself during the next few years is to “Organize the Unorganized.” To carry the battle once more into textiles, the metal trades, the food and trade industries, is the objective of the years immediately before us. To hold the ground in coal, clothing, railroad service, on the stage and in the building trades is a condition for making the other drives effective. There can be no standing still. To hold the present strongly organized industries means to press on in them. Not merely with organization, but with a tightening of the grip of “Industrial Democracy,” that participation in control which the A. F. of L. has set for its goal.

Dr. Wolman’s study gives us hope—in showing how unionism has grown, despite setbacks of all kinds. Further, it presents the cold, hard facts which Labor must face in the task of spreading its organization and its message of democratic control. There’s a big job still ahead for all of us!

Bronze Doors and Ivory Domes

On Happenings in the Heart of the Keystone

By URBAN SULLIVAN



I. GENTLEMEN IN GARGOYLES

BEHOLD those doors of bronze! They grip you, and hold you to the spot. They enchain you with a strange fascination.

Not the master-stroke of their workmanship. But the faces on them. Faces that run up and down the doors, reminding you of the Gargoyles of Notre Dame.

They do not seem to bark at you. They do not make hideous grimaces. They do not bear all the weird ugliness of the Gargoyles. For, these are the faces of Gentlemen.

Yes, Gentlemen! All the rough lines of debauchery and cunning smoothed out of their countenances by the molder of the bronze. Some with beards, some with mustachoes, some with faces as smooth as those of an unplucked maiden.

Gentlemen! The standard of gentlemanliness guiding the destinies of the Empire of Pennsylvania. The goal of most all who walk within the portals, lying beyond those doors. "Corruption is strength," they tell you, speaking silently from their bronze tabernacle. "Corruption has made us immortal, planted

here forever by those devoted followers whom we robbed and killed and who still call us blessed."

Gentlemen but Gargoyles! The bearded features of old Matt Quay bulge out at you, as though he were alive, features that the maggots must have eaten with delight down in his final resting place, for they and his heart were rotten.

These heads in bronze are the heads of the men who stole every penny they could get, in the completion of this magnificent Capitol Building. Many of them went to jail—for a brief space of time. Many of them escaped. The bigger the thief, the easier he got away. Judges in the Pennsylvania Empire then, were as venal as they are in 1925.

So, they have put these buccaneers in bronze. They have kept them there, as the patron saints of the Corrupt and Contented Keystone of America. Every morning, as he comes to his daily "tasks," the humblest legislator looks with reverence at those mighty features. "Oh, that I may equal you in Power, which is Corruption," sighs he, as he dreams of future Governorships, Senatorships, the Presidency! Then he goes to sit at the footstool of Joe

Grundy and Andy Mellon and Vare, and worship this putrid Trinity.

Some day, too, they will be in bronze. The Man who crushed out the lives of Pennsylvania's children—the Chief Bootlegger and Highwayman of the Nation—the "Louse Herder" of Philadelphia.

Corruption is their God; Matt Quay is their Prophet. The bronze doors are the record of Pennsylvania's shame.

II. PARODIES ON MOSES

Within the great rotunda of the Capitol.

The Prophet stands out, now in marble, not in bronze. A blessing he imparts to all those who believe in the virtue of Thievery and Corruption.

Above his head, by a strange irony, run the words: "My God!" It is a part of a blasphemy of the Deity, which decorates the rotunda. A blasphemy, because it is Corruption, not a Supreme Being, whom they worship.

Without, on each side of the doors of bronze, stand large statues in the nude. They shocked the souls of the good folk of the State, who deified the Corruptionists. These good folks asked that a little plaster be put over certain places in the nude figures, so that certain unmentionables would be hidden.

The legislators were uncertain about it. One day, a little group of them asked Jim Maurer: "Don't you think the statues are a bit indecent? Don't you think they should be draped?" And Jim answered: "There are a lot of indecent statues around here and the first that should be draped is the statue of Matt Quay."

Which horrified the said legislators, as Quay's was the name which opened and closed their daily prayers.

So the statues outside were draped, to hide the above-mentioned unmentionables. But Quay remained undraped.

Within the Capital still further lie the legislative "chambers" of the House and Senate. Beautiful auditoriums, filled with men. (Women are supposed to stay at home and not meddle with the ways of Quay and such like. Workmen too, are largely absent. They, likewise, are not "on" to the ideals of Saint Matt).

On the walls of the Senate are huge paintings—of Washington delivering an address to the Continental Congress, meeting in Philadelphia and of Lincoln at Gettysburg. Poor Washington must be moved to blasphemy in such society, particularly as they have posed him in an idealistic pose, as though he were about to fly to Heaven. Lincoln is

pictured, stricken with sorrow—as though he were permanently in pain at the company he is forced to keep in canvass.

Over in the House you need not pause at the paintings. There is enough to catch you in the antics of that noble body.

A gentleman of the school of Quay is championing a bill to prevent the display of the red flag or the black flag or any other flag but the Stars and Stripes, which Stars and Stripes must be shown prominently at every public gathering. To do anything other than that set down in his bill is illegal. (As though a Revolution, which he hopes to stop, could be headed off by legalities. Revolution is always a destruction of legalities).

But the Ivory Dome knoweth not to the contrary. His bill goes through without a roll-call. There were a surprising number of "No's"—probably because some of the legislators thought it a Klan bill. Everything "American" now is suspected of being linked up with the Klan; those boys having appropriated all the 100 per cent stuff themselves, not to mention the 18 per cent and the 10 per cent and the other alcoholic mixtures.

Then, there is a great deal of merriment over the question whether country judges going to Philadelphia should be compelled to sit in civil cases. There is a lot of empty "joshing" back and forth. It means nothing; therefore, they indulge in it freely. While they do so, important bills for the workers are slowly dying from lack of time to give them consideration.

These, then, are the lawmakers of our Great Keystone Empire. But few of them know how they will vote tomorrow. But few of them care. They wait the voice of the Masters—the Blessed Trinity upon whose shoulders have descended the mantle of Matt Quay.

These parodies on Moses think not of the workers, not of the common people. But of fees—the new method of Corruption—of future elevation. Maybe to the very throne of the Prophet himself.

III. ONLY \$3 A WEEK

This 1925 legislature is the most Quay-like that Pennsylvania has enjoyed for many a year.

Labor has but little proposed legislation. What it has, it wants badly.

The workmen's compensation law must be amended, say the workers. "We want \$3 more compensation a week. It will give us what the workers get in many other states. When we are mangled and bleeding from the machines that make this State, we need

that little more to keep us alive, to feed our children, to pay the doctor."

"Nay, Nay," shrieks the generous Grundy, his face already frozen into a likeness of a Gargoyle. "It will ruin Business!"

Thereupon, there is a battle. Labor marshalls its forces, Jim Maurer at the head. Jim Kelly, Dave Fowler and Chris Golden of the Miners are there. Dave Williams and Charlie Kutz of the Machinists, also, and many others. Grundy and his Manufacturers' Association put on their war paint too, fill their pockets and go down to Harrisburg.



THE PRICE OF COAL

Death is the price the soft coal miners often pay—to secure coal for Industrial America. It is a big price—the biggest that man can give. And yet, the eminent Pennsylvania Legislature (under control of Mellon and Grundy) refused even to safeguard the miners in industrial accidents by extra compensation of \$3 per week! Typical, however, of the way legislation went in every state. Big Business has interpreted the Coolidge election as the politicians did the Harding victory—"to go the limit."

The bill is introduced in the House, because that is the hardest nut to crack. The Senate is known to be in favor of it. For over a month it slumbers in committee. All efforts fail to budge it. The Speaker, "Mr." Blewett, a creature of Vare's, has sent it to a "safe" committee.

Finally, under pressure, the committee reports it out unfavorably. But Labor works harder and faster. It forces in onto the calendar by a vote of 100 to 92. That means that there will have to be a showdown, which the "gang" do not want.

Legislators in Pennsylvania are afraid of Labor—in spots. There are enough of them afraid to make the life of such a bill most uncertain. Their hope is to prevent going on record, so that the sentiments of each will be unknown to his constituents.

"Is there no hope for delay?" cry the Grundy-ites. "Of course, of course. There are the Easter holidays!"

The bill is now on its first reading. It is the Wednesday before Easter. First, the Grundy-ites move that during the next week, only bills on third reading and final passage be considered. That goes through. No record on it! Then, as the day wears into night, they make their master stroke. They move to adjourn for the Easter holidays, from Wednesday until Monday!

A volley of "No's" greets the motion. Cries from all parts of the hall demand a "division." But the Speaker suddenly becomes afflicted with Cal's great virtue. He is struck deaf and dumb. All he does is beat his gavel and declare: "House is adjourned."

The papers the next day carry the story. "House adjourns early to beat Workmen's Compensation." But there is no protest editorially, against the waste of the people's money through the unnecessary early adjournment, with many important measures dying as a result.

But that is not the last stroke. The forces behind the bill rally on the following Monday. They put the bill through second reading by a heavier majority. Its opponents are desperate.

They resort to criminal interference. Suddenly, the bill disappears. It is not at the printer's—where it should have been. No one can find it. Twenty-four hours pass. Then, it appears, printed in such mutilated form that it cannot be passed.

Gargoyle Grundy is triumphant. For the time being! There is another tussle ahead—and another, and another. Until Matt Quay's head shall roll some day out of the Capitol, and the workers of the State shall sit as a majority in its legislative halls.

Dictators and Decay

Spain's Fading Glory and Battered Workers

By PRINCE HOPKINS

SPAIN is still crumbling away, politically—even as its old castles.

The lack of natural resources on a great scale has, of course, debarred it from being a great capitalist nation. Rather than turning its energies to raise the conditions of its workers, however, it runs off on imperialistic ventures.

Nowhere are the evil effects of imperial dreams on the workers' welfare seen better than in this historic land. The battle for Morocco has led to defeat. It has brought in the dictatorship—which has been unable to stem the rout. The dictatorship has had its injurious effect at home upon the workers' unions. Martial law is not helpful to labor agitation.

Why Martial Law

I asked what circumstances gave the government its excuse for declaring martial law. Was it on account of the industrial situation at home, or did the Moroccan situation give an excuse?

Neither one. In fact, no excuse was made at all; martial law was just declared!

And were the majority of Spaniards content to have it so?

By no means. But no determined movement against it was afoot.

How about Ibanez and his recent book denouncing the government? Had he no following? Were his facts true?

None of my interlocutors had been able to see a copy of the book, though they had heard friends discussing it. It had fallen flat in Spain because hardly anyone could get a copy to read. Ibanez had had a large personal following a few years ago, but hardly so large today. As for his alleged facts, most Spaniards simply didn't believe they were true.

Indeed, some seemed open to question, which therefore cast doubt on others. He was alleged, at least, to have declared that soldiers fired upon the mob in Barcelona and increased the disturbance. Certainly no such act had happened. And while it was unpleasant to have these troops quartered upon us, yet one must tell the truth about it. And that is that there had been considerable violence before they came, in industrial conflicts, but their coming had certainly restored order.

I expected to hear a lot of talk of the need of hustling industrial Catalonia setting up as a republic, free from the rest of Spain, with her capitol at Barcelona. The English press has been filled with such talk. But I've heard hardly a word of it down here. "Not one per cent of the citizens belong to the movement," I'm told.

I had a bit of an argument over the reasons why Spanish labor isn't better organized. "Poverty," they said, "saps the strength of the movement." I pointed to the indifference to the class struggle which sometimes went with better wages in America, on the one hand; on the other, to the strong organization built up in spite of poverty, by the Belgians. They finally concluded that the real difficulty in Spain as compared with Belgium was the lack of culture of the Spaniard. On account of this he does not support his organizations, because he has no perspective and cannot see their importance.

I took an excursion one day from Barcelona to Taragona, in Aragon, a town which still preserves its wall built by the Romans. We motored out to a most interesting monastery which had been deserted a hundred years ago. It housed over 800 monks and I believe more than 1,000 lay-brothers.

These monks formed a veritable communistic village, given mostly to agriculture, but in which almost all the usual trades were carried on. The most central industrial feature was the immense cellar in which the juice of the grapes was trampled out, flowed along stone ducts into huge vats, fermented, and provided the holy fathers plentifully with wine.

I talked a great deal to people of various stations in life about the political situation in Aragon. The economic motive seems to underlie their lack of desire to separate from the rest of Spain. For although Aragon comprises the essential industrial section of the country, she is not self-sufficient. She must both buy and sell. She can do this better, as part of a larger nation, than if she were separated from all beyond her borders by tariff walls.

Ibanez is apparently not making much of a stir in that section either. His publication of his book outside of Spain, in foreign languages, was perhaps forced upon him by the censorship in his own land.

It may prove a means for the infiltration into his own country of the facts they need about themselves. But I wonder whether it might not have been another instance of that lack of tact which characterizes so many radicals and plays into the hands of enemies rather than of friends?

Ibanez's Tatling

For of course, so soon as a man tells outsiders the shortcomings of his own family—and a country is simply a larger family, in the emotions of its citizens—the family themselves forget all other matters, to execrate him. This is what all ordinary people in Spain are doing, who have heard of Ibanez.

The king's birthday is coming in a few days. In our unconscious mind, the king replaces the father, and to have written a book "ALFONSO XIII UNMASKED" is to have told every Spaniard shameful things about his father. So, in every Spanish town, booths are being set up in the streets, and everyone will be expected (and most will desire) to show himself a 100 per cent patriot by signing a nationwide protest against this disloyal tattler.

Will some curious minds be led by all this advertising to inquire what it was that Ibanez tattled? If enough of them do, his undiplomatic procedure may have a tactical value after all.

But prospects are dark. Spanish papers come out regularly with great white gaps in their columns. This is where some item was censored. You can look in your Paris or London papers and find what was omitted—an account, perhaps, of a success by the tribesmen in Morocco. But almost no one save the foreigners can read the Paris or London papers!

Indeed, the directorate have now gone further. They've commanded that the papers shall not leave these gaps, to excite public curiosity about what was censored. The editor must put in "fillers!"

The Peace of Death

Most of the upper classes are quite content with a dictatorship which brooks no labor agitation. But even many of them are uneasy about it. They know such peace is the peace of death; and fear a dreadful resurrection.

We had an exhibition of the volatility of the popular temperament over night. Three other men and I went to a cabaret. When it was time to go home, we stepped up to the foremost taxicab and vigorously tooted its horn. The driver, however, didn't appear. So, after a while we went on to the next cab. Its chauffeur came running out, opened the door, showed us in and started to crank his car.

Whereupon, the driver of the first car came running out from somewhere and loudly berated our man for taking what should have been his own



CRUMBLING

The decay of Spain politically and economically is well symbolized in the crumbling away of her old castles and bridges. Such is the case with the famous Bridge of Alcántara, reminder of the Moorish Wars of the 14th and 15th Centuries.

passengers! Our man seized him by the shoulders and hurled him roughly backward.

Instantly, the first driver darted for his taxi, to pull out a gun and our own man leaped for safety. Fortunately, the other taxi men rushed forward, shouting "not a pistol fight," and disarmed the enemy!

WITH REGRET

MARGARET DANIELS' article on Psychology in the last issue was one of the most popular we have run. It evoked a number of pleasing letters. The second article by Miss Daniels was to have appeared in this number. But, unfortunately, illness on her part prevented. We are glad to state that another article from her pen will appear in June.

Confessions of a Labor Spy

Old Man Anderson Keeps His Eyes and Ears Open

CHAPTER III.

THE PLOT THICKENS

THAT night I read the book from cover to cover, and wrote up my impressions of the duties I would have as an "Operative Service Worker." The letter I sent in with the book must have been a good one; it should have been for I was completely and absolutely sold on the job of being a Labor Spy. To me, at that time, this job offered a quick and easy way to make more money than I had ever made and a chance to get ahead in the world. No doubt Mr. Coach thought that I was an awful sucker, but as a matter of fact I was merely one of those men to whom such a proposition appeals because of the money involved.

When I received a letter with the familiar Post Office Box Number return address on it, I was not at all surprised. I had known all along, somehow, that I was going to make good at this job. The letter told me to report for work at the plant of the Regal Auto Company and ask the foreman in the machine shop for a job on a lathe. In my job hunting days I had called at the Regal many times only to be told that there were no jobs to be had. Imagine my surprise this time, however, to be told that I should come right to work. The foreman, an old fellow named Anderson, I found out later was also an Operative of the same agency for whom I was then working. He was employed to keep an eye and ear open on the other foremen and was a handy man to have around the shop as he had the hiring of all the machine shop workers.

Old man Anderson seemed to be waiting for me that morning. No doubt his morning instruction sheet had told him to employ me the moment I showed up at the plant.

"We are not putting any new hands on right now," he informed me, "but we will be busy in a few days, or a week, and can place a few good lathe hands now so that we'll have them when we need them."

I assured him that I was a first-rate lathe hand and thus made my start as a professional liar, for as a matter of fact I perhaps knew less about a lathe than any man in the shop. The job that was assigned to me was very easy to do, and I managed to "get by" with it very nicely, old Anderson helping me out whenever I became stuck.

The first day I was at work in the Regal shop I did everything I could to get acquainted with my fellow workers. Most of that day was spent calling on the other boys and I found three fellows that I knew

were members of the Machinists Union. That night, in my first report, I tried to tell everything that I had learned during the day. No doubt Coach had a laugh out of my report when he came to that part of it in which I said that old man Anderson was too easy for a foreman and told how he had employed me and helped me with my work.

I told about some of the boys going into the toilet to smoke cigarettes and how I had heard one fellow making a squawk about the wages that were being paid. This fellow, evidently a Socialist, had been telling a group of the workers how much profit the Regal was making on their cars. He had told what the selling price was and figured out for them the possible cost of making the car. I could see nothing wrong in his talk until he summed it all up by saying "That's capitalism for you, the system you fellows vote for at every election. Some day you are going to wake up and demand your just rights, but you'll have to organize first."

In my report I gave the names of the fellows whom I had seen smoking in the toilet and loafing on the job. I heard one fellow say that he had to stall a lot in order not to get too many crank cases drilled and thus get laid off, or put on another job. This I of course reported, and told the names of the three men whom I knew to be members of the union.

Right at the start of my work I had an opportunity to see how my stuff was working, for within the week a notice was posted in the toilet warning against smoking during working hours. When I read that notice and saw that it said, "reports coming into the office advise us that men are smoking during working hours," I was a little afraid. I thought that the use of the wording about "reports" might lead to my discovery because of me being the only new man in the shop. Since that time I have learned that such schemes are part of the system, and are deliberately put into use to let the workers know that someone is spying on them and sending reports into the office. This is supposed to keep the workers split up and suspicious of each other. A condition which is considered highly desirable by the owners.

If I had thought that old man Anderson was a "softy" as a foreman I was to be taught different. For a few days after I had sent in my first report he went over to the fellow who was drilling crank cases and gave him the bawling out of his life. Old Anderson was a regular streak of fire when he got to going good, and he sure told it to that fellow. The result was that all the crank cases needed for that day's production were drilled by noon, and in the

afternoon the man was given another job to finish up with. After that this fellow didn't have so much time to spend loafing in the toilet or hanging around the other fellows.

The next Saturday noon two of my old union friends were told that they did not need to show up on Monday morning as work was getting slack. They were not fired, merely laid off for a while and told to come in from time to time if they didn't find another job right away, and that they would be given the first chance at the next job. Old Anderson sure knew how to take care of such cases all right, and came over to the other union man and told him how sorry he was that he had been forced to lay the two fellows off for a while. Nothing was done which might give reason to think that the two men were given the "gate" because they were union men.

Two weeks ago I, myself, had been tramping the streets looking for a job. I knew how hard jobs were to find, and the bitter heart-breaking grind of going out day after day looking for work. When I saw these two men lose out because of my work as an operative I was tempted to quit the work. I think that this case is the only one where I ever had any sorrow over the results of my work. In after years I not only caused many men to lose their jobs, but helped put many an innocent worker behind the bars as the best way to get rid of them. And never do I recall having any feeling over the matter, except as I would pat myself on the back for doing good work.

When I arrived home after drawing my wages at the Regal plant I found a letter from Coach in which was a check for twenty-five dollars. My wages for the first week as an operative. Any feeling of sorrow I may have had for the two poor fellows who had just been "canned" left me when I fingered that check. This was real easy money. At last I was on the sure road to success and it was but a question of time before I would be rich. I told my wife that the extra money came from a rival automobile company that was paying me a retainer in

order to have me ready to work for them when they opened their plant and needed machinists. She never knew any different until the time came that she had to be in court for non-support, after I had left her to live with a woman "dick" I had met in my work.

Every day or so I would get a letter from Coach telling me what he wanted done next. All of these letters had to be sent back to Coach after I had read them, to prevent them falling into unsympathetic hands. Such a system also stopped any spy within the spying organization from getting any great amount of evidence. Such evidence might at times prove very damaging to the Auxiliary, as oft-times letters of instruction contained advice to operatives which would look bad in court.

Several days before the next meeting of the local of Machinists, to which I belonged, I received a letter of instruction from Coach telling me to start taking an active part in the affairs of the union. I was ad-

vised to attend all meetings and to take the floor at every good opportunity so as to become known to the general membership. "Place yourself in such a position that you will be a logical candidate for any office in the union when elections are in order," said one of the letters from Coach. "Do everything you can on the floor of the union to make it appear that you are a devoted member and are interested in seeing the local grow in size and influence," said another.

The result was that for the first time since I had joined the local I began attending all of the meetings and became well acquainted with the members and officers. To all outward appearances I was a sincere union man, who was just a little bit too radical. For in following the instructions of Coach

I was forced to act the part of a very radical unionist. This practice, as I afterwards learned very well, is almost universal with spy operatives. There is very good reason for it. First by playing up the radical end of things one gets the reputation of being a strong union man, and whenever suspicion is aroused over some spy work that has been done in



The day of the "red plot" is not over. While the general character of the present day "plot" is slightly different than those of the war period, they have the same source—the private detective agencies.

By reading this series of "Confessions of a Labor Spy," you can learn of the manners and methods used by these "parasites of industry." That knowledge will lead to the power which will prevent their effectiveness.

the union you will be one of the last ones suspected. Some "managers" have their operatives over-play this radical stuff, however, and get their men the reputation of being "nuts." Once an operative has gained the reputation of being a "nut socialist" or "red" he becomes less valuable to his organization, as the members of the union and the officers get to looking upon all of his ideas as "extreme" and "visionary." But it is hard indeed to keep the average operative from going the limit once he gets the impression that he is to appear radical.

After I had been in the game about a year and had been assigned to various inner union jobs by Coach, I got so familiar with this sort of work that I could "spot" a "dick" almost as soon as he took the floor. I often watched them working in a union and wondered what organization they were with. Sometimes they were with the same organization that I was working for, and would no doubt, send in their report telling about the things I was doing and saying.

The Detroit local of the Machinists union was just getting back on its feet when I started to take an interest in it as an operative. The automobile factories were getting orders for cars, and working conditions were gradually getting better. I found my local all stirred up over the question as to whether or not they would send a letter to the International office asking for a General Organizer to come to Detroit and start a real drive for more members. This subject was brought up on the floor under general discussion the very first night I attended a meeting.

Several members and the President spoke for such a move, and advanced arguments as to why it would be a good thing for the machinists of Detroit. I could see no reason why such a thing would not be for the benefit of the union, but I was surprised to hear several members of the local get up and oppose such a move. These fellows took the stand that the time was not ripe for such a move and advised caution. Seeing this division of opinion I jumped to the conclusion that these fellows who opposed the move were, like myself, operatives. Coach had told me that he had three or four men in almost every union in Detroit. Not knowing which way to jump I did nothing.

To my surprise the next letter I received from Coach told me to get back of this movement to bring an organizer to Detroit, and to boost it for all I was worth at the next meeting. Coach's company made its best pickings when a town was all stirred up with union drives, and the local factories worried, I was to learn later. At the next meeting I made my first talk on the floor, and spoke in favor of getting an Organizer in Detroit. I found that speaking on the floor of the union was not nearly as hard as I had expected, and discovered that I could make a

fairly good little talk. After a number of members had spoken on this subject I took the bull by the horns and made a motion that the Secretary be instructed to write a letter to the International asking that an Organizer be sent to Detroit. This motion carried with a whoop.

While waiting for the Organizer to get into town I became a very active member. I attended every meeting and when a vacancy occurred on the organization committee I was elected to fill the vacancy. I had become very well known to the membership and knew them by sight. This made it possible for me to pick them out when they were hired by the Regal, and include their names in my nightly reports to Coach. No one was thinking of it at the time, but if any one had been they might have wondered at the marvelous efficiency in the foreman's system of picking union men out for "canning." No union man was ever "canned" outright just because he happened to be a union man. But the union men were put at all the jobs which were hard, and where they were apt to quit at the first opportunity. And whenever someone had to be laid off, because of slackness of work in a department, it was always a union man that got the "gate." Four or five union men were always kept, which saved me from becoming the object of suspicions. Otherwise the men might have wondered why all other union men were let out of the shop and I kept on at work.

During this period of intensive union work I learned the operative job well. The letters from Coach kept me well informed as to what I was to do, but I soon developed a knack for the thing which made me a valuable man on the job. The general policy was to keep things in the union half-way between peace and war. Every faction that developed was to be encouraged, and inner union fights kept alive as long as possible. I was to do everything possible to spend whatever money the local accumulated in its treasury. That was to keep the union as near broke as possible, and was only to be opposed when the money was asked for some purpose which a majority of the members were in favor of.

By being in favor of spending the union's money most of the time, one made the most friends in the local. It also served to keep the members divided, as there are always members who are in favor of a "hoarding policy." They are always squawking about the union "throwing its money away," and get sore when they see money appropriated for what they consider foolish things. Then opposing the spending of money for things that the majority feel should be helped has a tendency to make soreheads. This is especially true when one is able to prevent the union from spending its money for something which is clearly a good thing. Those in favor of such a thing get sore at the entire union because their

A CHALLENGE TO YOU AND ME
"Democratic" America Endorses Child Slavery



Through the courtesy of the National Child Labor Committee, we print the above picture. It is eloquent of the Child Slavery in "Democratic" America today. A meeting of manufacturers in New York has decided that Child Labor must remain a permanent American institution. Will we allow this to continue? A country working its children, for the greed of Old Men, has made "a covenant with Hell" that deserves to be smashed to smithereens.

motion has lost. They talk about it in the shops to union and non-union men alike, and express themselves as disgruntled with the action of the union. This has a strong tendency to drive the weak-kneed members out, and prevents some non-union men from joining. It's all part of the game.

A few weeks after we had decided to ask the International office for an organizer I received a letter from the President of the local, telling me that Organizer Henderson would be in town on Thursday.

I was told that the entire Organization Committee was to meet Henderson at his hotel to talk over the plans for the union drive about to take place. I primed myself well for this meeting and thought surely I was getting along well with my operative work, when I, a "dick," was to sit in on the conference that was to map out the plans for an organization drive. I waited impatiently for that meeting in Henderson's room.

(Continued in the June issue)

Labor History in the Making

In the U. S. A.

LOUIS F. BUDENZ, in Co-operation with the Board of Editors

BECAUSE OF MUSSOLINI

FASCISM'S long arm has reached right into America. The courts have kindly decided to oblige it. Italians in this country dare not attack the Sacred Mussolini. If they do, American courts will find a way to punish them.

Carlo Tresca, Italian-American editor, said some things about the Dictator that the Italian Ambassador did not like. A birth control ad in Tresca's paper gave occasion for revenge. The paper was stopped before it got in the mails. But that did not matter.

Tresca was given a year's sentence to Atlanta, in order that he might be deported later into Mussolini's clutches. The most that had previously been given for a similar offence was three months. The public was so aroused over Tresca's case, that this long sentence was reduced to a few months by the President. He returned to freedom this month. But the menace of foreign-controlled Federal Judges remains.



Carlo Tresca

"PERLICE!"

SEVERAL of the 31 states, not yet "favored" with State Police forces in any form, have been taking mental note this year of the possibilities of securing these brutal playthings for their own domains.

Illinois, in this campaign, led all the rest. Herrin and "buckets of blood" were drawn on in good measure, to frighten the worthy people of that sucker State into burdening themselves with these Vestal Virgins of Law and Order. Cal's dose of Economy does not apply, of course, to anything that will keep down "coarse working people."

This persistent battle to impose these troopers on various American States goes on from legislative session to legislative session. Chambers of Commerce, Rotary and Motor Clubs and Big Business in general cries for their creation. Organized Labor and civil liberty organizations oppose their coming into being.

The protection of the rural districts and the highways are points publicly made in their favor. "Of course, they will not be used in industrial disputes," it is said. But when any effort is made to have the use of the State Police exempted from industrial troubles, these Uriah Heeps of Industry—the psalm-singing Rotarians and the rest—bitterly fight against it.

So there you are. Everywhere that the State Police exist—particularly in Pennsylvania, New York and West Virginia—their brutality has measured up to that of madmen. They know no Law. They are the Law. Ammunition to show this can be furnished by the New York and Pennsylvania Federations of Labor and by the American Civil Liberties Union, located in New York City.

The cry of "Perlice" from the fat-pouched, chicken-livered gentry of Rotarianism can be

drawned—by the facts. Up and at 'em!—and keep them on the run.

TWO DECISIONS

The Sacred Cow and the Iron Cross

FIFTY-FIFTY was the apparent break for Organized Labor from the Sacred Cow in Washington the other day.

In reality, it was not so good as that.

Two decisions were handed down together, through the grace of God and "Injunction" Taft. One of these laid respectfully to rest the masterpiece of the lamented Henry Allen, former Governor of Kansas. The heart was taken out of his Industrial Court, from which was taken all compulsory powers whatsoever. That rejoiceth the soul of Labor, even though it was an employer—one of the few penalized—who did the appealing to the august, infallible tribunal.

The rejoicing is rather short-lived when we reflect that the Industrial Court is, as a matter of hard facts, quite unnecessary. The injunction is a much more effective weapon, one that cannot so easily be turned against the employers. Strikes are still crimes in Free America, despite the mumblings of the Sacred Cow. They are made so by the free and unlimited use of the injunction, upon which the Supreme Court, manned chiefly by anti-labor lawyers, continues to smile.

The "Open Shop" is given a benediction and John Sherman's Anti-Trust Law another wallop in the other decree of the Holy of the Holies. In California one of the bitterest industrial battles of the last half-century has been going on. The Builders Exchange, the Industrial Association and the California Industrial Council—anti-labor organizations—led an onslaught against the building trades. Building ma-

terial was withheld from those contractors who did not introduce the "Open Shop."

The conspiracy, of course, ran as far east as Pittsburg, originating in the fertile brain of the United States Steel Corporation. Contractors who desired to be loyal to Labor were crucified on the Iron Cross of Judge Gary.

If there was ever a restraint of interstate commerce, here was one. Not one, but many. For the spider web of Steel Trust tyranny ran all over the country.

With its facts, Labor comes before "Injunction" Taft and his fellow-corporation tools. What chance have the workers before such an outfit? None whatsoever. The violation of the Anti-Trust Law is there, sayeth the Steel Trust through the voice of the Sacred Cow. But—it is too small to be worthy of our notice! Just how large it would have to be, the Sacred Cow sayeth not.

Which showeth again, Brother Worker, that we have no rights before the Sacred Cow. It is folly to repose hope in the American Courts. They are owned body and soul by the Employing Interests, just as they were seventy years ago by the Slave Power. The workers can only repose confidence in their own united strength; until the day when they, not the employers, will name the men on the Supreme Court. Or rather, until the day when the power of the Supreme Court is clipped forever, as the A. F. of L. proposes to have it clipped.

The Law reposes in the vest pocket of him who has the economic power. Madame du Barrys of the type of William Howard Taft smell out the Money Box, and follow it. Our contempt for them should only be equalled by our determination to make them impotent.

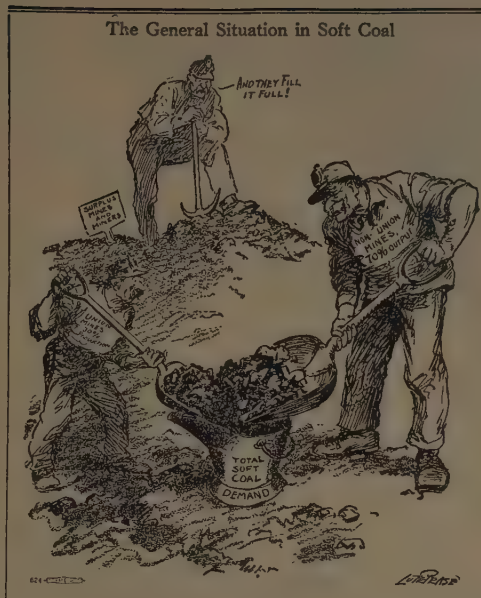
OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS——

IF "Bob" La Follette and the other champions of Organized Labor are the Devil-spawn that our Business Press would make them, then Hell must be a damn fine place.

If the Paul Revere of Evanston and his little feeble-minded mate are the "Champions of Liberty" that the last campaign pictured them, then—"give me Death."

Wherefore this fine frenzy? Brother, we can't restrain ourselves, that's all.

Try to remember last October. It seems a long, long hazy way back in the shadows of Yesteryear. But try! 'Twas then that the candidates of Organized Labor asserted that the railroads of the country were sorely mismanaged. 'Twas then that they said that public ownership and worker-control would alone bring about a square deal for us all. 'Twas then that they further declared that the farmers were in a bad way, and could not be helped by good



PROPAGANDA AND FACT

The Newark News gives a half-truth picture here. The non-union fields are not so prosperous as this indicates. And Soft Coal in general is in the worst of a bad way.

intentions or Wall Street buncombe. To all of which, the Powers that Were shrieked, shouted and moaned: "They're Red. It's Red. The railroad owners and the bankers are annointed of God. To say otherwise is Sacrilege!"

Only a few months have passed. His Dumbness sits in the White House, mumbling the parrot-phrase "Economy" that Andrew the Bootlegger taught him. The Lord's Annointed are everywhere in control. And yet—there, with a Bang, goes the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad to the wall. In its wake, down go the thousands of little stockholders, who put their savings into this corporation. It is one of the biggest railroad crashes in American history.

The NEW YORK EVENING POST—that staunch champion of Big Business Corruption—is alarmed. "Be corrupt, of course, but keep it covered," is its motto. Wildly, it sees in the St. Paul's bankruptcy "evil days for the railroads of this country." Tremblingly, it fears that "the forces of demagoguery in general and of La Folletism and nationalization in particular have been handed a new and shining weapon."

(Which shineth forth the more lustroously in a naughty world—the "demagoguery" of William Lloyd Garrison, Abraham Lincoln and "Bob" La Follette, or the verminous rot of Mr. Curtis' kept men?)

But then, the New York organ of "our" Wall

LABOR AGE

Streeters, panic-stricken, cries out against the "sins" of the St. Paul. It attacks the railroad's "dizzy financing." It hints at enormous graft. It shows how the capitalization was boosted from \$100,000,000 to \$800,000,000. Water, water everywhere! And it charges gross incompetence in management, and criminal neglect in asking for a receiver.

Catch your breath! More is coming!

In the very same week that every word of "Bob" La Follette is thus confirmed by his bitterest enemy, ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois, cometh to New York and speaketh of the farmer. Something must be done and done immediately, says he. The farmer is in a "desperate condition." Calvin's election has not caused the milk and honey to flow for him. The little feeble-minded's blessing has not made the grain to grow automatically or the money to rush from the banker's maw into the farmer's pockets. A "disastrous increase in living costs" is ahead, unless the farmer be aided.

"Out of their own mouths"—comes the Truth at last. Let us pause in respectful memory of that still-born child of weak little Calvin and Hysterical Dawes—that pre-natally defective "Prosperity." Its parents were mentally impotent—poor thing!

CHECKING BOOBOCRACY

BUSINESS Boobocracy has been doing its imbecile darnest to drive two big industries into permanent bankruptcy.

One fine day last year a clothing union organizer stepped into a large shop in Philadelphia. "We want you employers to get together," said he, "so that we can bring some order into our industrial relations. You ought to have an association to deal with the union, as in other cities."

"Well, Mr. G.," came back the whining answer. "That is impossible. There is only one honest clothing contractor in Philadelphia and you are looking at him."

Such is the type of employer-mentality that has been carrying on the ladies' garment manufacturing industry. The jobbers control. They are the buyers and sellers of the cloaks and other ladies' wear. They farm out the work to a horde of little, scrambling contractors—oppressed heavily by their debts to the jobbers and the bloody competition among themselves. The jobbers are the boys who pocket the Coin, while contractors pull their hair in dismay and the workers likewise suffer.

Who called a halt to this chaos? The Employing Groups? Of course not. It was the union which demanded a state of order in the trade: by the guarantee of 40 weeks of work each year, and by the limita-

A JUDICIAL EQUUS ASINUS

New Specimen Discovered in Paterson, N. J.

SCIENCE will be much excited by the discovery of a new species of the male "*Equus Asinus*," sitting on the bench of Special Sessions in Paterson, New Jersey.

The "*Equus Asinus*," be it known, is the animal-cousin to the horse, but gifted with long ears, a bray, and an obstinate and stupid disposition.

The specimen discovered goes by the name of Judge Joseph Delaney. Despite this Irish name—which generally stands for love of freedom—he is a perfect specimen of the said species. He has sentenced Roger N. Baldwin, of the American Civil Liberties Union, to six months in jail for attempting to hold a strikers' meeting in the benighted New Jersey city. The case has been appealed; although, judging from the peculiar type of animal development sitting on the New Jersey Supreme Court, with the exception of Justice Minturn, the Hon. Delaney may be upheld there. Jersey is one of those degenerate states which have forgotten all about the Bill of Rights, guaranteeing free speech, etc. It is chiefly known for its sadistic murder cases and the uncommonly low mentality of its leading citizens. We present Senators Edge and Edwards as exhibits A and B in moral imbecility.

tion of contractors. At the union's demand, Governor Smith of New York appointed a commission to look into the conditions in the industry.

Hearings are now going on under the direction of this commission. Experts, employed by them, have made a report on the way things are going—or not going, at present. The report bears out the union's contentions. There are too many contractors and not enough steady employment. These two evils must be remedied. Whether the commission will apply the union's proposed cures is yet to be determined—but how they can be avoided, is difficult to see.

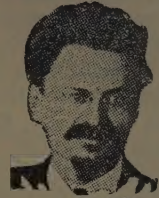
In the soft coal mining country a similar state of disorder exists. Holy Herbert himself has said that the whole business is in chaos. The Employing Groups can merely cry "lower wages" and restrain the Federal Trade Commission from giving us the facts. The Miners have demanded the facts—and more than that, a reorganization of the industry. That was the first step suggested by the Nationalization Research Committee, whose leaflets still are the key to the healing of Coal.

IN EUROPE

Edouard
Herriot

IN AND OUT

The bad-behaving franc drove Herriot out of office, just as it finished Poincare. But France remains faithful to the Left. Cai'loux, sentenced as a traitor a few years ago, now is called in to save the finances of the Republic. While Herriot goes out in France, Trotsky comes back in Russia. Time was his great ally, as these pages said when he left for the famous "health vacation." His return means a readjustment of Russia to the rest of the world, just as its trade union movement is seeking re-alliance with Amsterdam.



Leon Trotsky

LEFTWARD HO!

DRIFTING to the Left. Farther toward the Left.

So runs the tide of British Labor. Not to Communism—which has perhaps been checked as effectively as it has in Germany, where over a million and a half votes have been lost. But to a "near-Communism," as the Interests call it. In the Independent Labor Party, Maxton and his minority group feel strong enough to suggest confiscation as the method the Party will use when it next gets into power. With him and Wheatley runs the sympathy of the DAILY HERALD, Labor's only daily.

Industrially, also, Labor feels its oats. The miners, engineers (machinists) and shipyard workers will stand no further dallying. The distressing state of their trade is enough to demand a radical revolt. The railwaymen meet the employers' request for a cut, with an ultimatum for a rise in wages—and propose to stand by their guns. And all the while, the demand for the old "Triple Alliance" grows—as we have previously remarked.

So, it's on to the Left, further to the Left, in Britain.

AN "INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION"

THUNDERING across the English miles rode Blundering Baldwin, Britain's Tory Premier. Faster and faster he rode.

Happier was the outcome of his hurry than the finis written on the famous dash of our own Paul Revere, Bow-Wow Dawes. Into the House of Parliament rushed Baldwin. Into the thick of the debate on the trade union political funds rushed he. With a fervor unknown to the man before, he pleaded with his followers against irritating the men who labor. An "industrial revolution" is on foot in Britain, quoth he, and we must do nothing—no, nor an iota of nothing, gentlemen—to stir up the animals. Peace is what we thirst for, peace between the lambs of labor and the wolves of capitalism.

A haunting fear fell upon the Tory ranks. They proceeded forthwith to kill their own concoction. The word "Revolution"—even though it was an industrial revolution, such as brought in the Machine Age years before—chilled them to the bone. The empire of Britain, and their own pocketbooks might be at stake.

Baldwin for once blundered not in his public statement. All is not well in the Island Empire. Over 1,200,000 registered unemployed still are on England's books. Unemployment insurance flows out of the public coffers—and yet it fails to meet the situation. In the mines unrest has grown. On the railroads things go not much better. British Labor has moved toward the "left"—not to Communism, but to a more militant temper. From under the earth comes a rumble of revolt.

With it goes a loss of British trade, and a cooling off in devotion among the colonies toward the Mother Country. Is this the beginning of the end of the great British Empire? Spain and Italy were once the leaders of the world. Lack of coal and other natural resources doomed them when Capitalism ushered itself in—and Feudalism and the hand-system went out of existence.

Now it is Capitalism that is crumbling—first on the Continent, now in Britain. Will Britain crumble with it? Or will it rise, on the rising tide of Labor, to lead the march to Industrial Democracy?

ELECTIONS AND ELECTIONS

Meanwhile: What of the Trade Unions?

A MAN rich in business shrewdness and money-making ability, but poor in most everything else, gives his entire life for his daughters. He marries them to a Count and a Baron. He pays for their adulteries with his savings, down to the selling of his clothes and household goods. So far does he go that he has to be buried in a pauper's grave.

Thus runs the burden of Balzac's widely-known PÈRE GORIOT.

European Labor has been paying for years for those "women of doubtful name"—the so-called statesmen. It has been paying for their "doings" with their masters, the International Bankers. Still, it remains burdened with them.

Elections are again coming off, to test how far the workers have gotten politically. It is into the political basket that they have in the main put their eggs this year. Outside of Britain, there is little organized unrest. The French workers are still exhausted industrially, by the fights that the coming of Communism brought into their ranks. The united effort of the waterfront workers at Havre was the last of the big attempts at industrial advance by way of the unions. German Labor goes on its stolid way, the railroaders alone showing signs of doing something. Employment is at a higher ebb in Deutschland, but it has been purchased by low wages and the destruction of the 8-hour day in many instances.

Belgium surprised the world by giving the Socialists decided gains in last month's national election. The preliminary race for German President revealed the Socialists there, also, in a stronger position than before. But vainly, as the newspapers duly informed us, the Socialists, the Catholic Center Party and the Democrats united back of Marx—to save the Republic from Hindenburg and the Royalists and Reactionaries. In France, fear of the capital levy drove out Herriot and a new election seems written in the sky. How France will solve its financial problems—now that the myth of a reparations gold mine in Germany is waning—without a capital levy or some other measure of "confiscation," remains a deep-seated mystery. It will be difficult to extract much more out of the hard-pressed French workers.

There has as yet been no great revival of trade union strength on the Continent, measured in terms of winning conditions on the industrial field. The biggest thing before European Labor of late is the proposed unity with Russian unionism, through the entry of the latter into the Amsterdam International.

Although the path to reunion of the Russian organizations with the rest of the European Movement is not at all smooth, the marriage is very likely to come to pass, after big concessions have been made on the part of the Russians.

THE ALIEN AGAIN

AMERICA'S gates are closed tighter than ever before in her history. Britain now begins to feel the resulting brunt of the western tide of immigration. France, too, is fretting about what to do with the intruding foreigners.

To Britain have come, largely, the Jews—shut off by the discrimination against Southeastern Europeans in our new laws. They have settled again in the East Side of London, where some folks have

already begun to view them "with alarm." It is not Labor thus far which has been disturbed, but rather those who are thinking of the "purity" of the English race. Probably Labor's indifference is due to the newcomers' failure to enter trades which are highly organized.

Through Southern France are seeping the Italian workmen, barred from America's formerly hospitable shores. Then, there are the Poles, brought in to give cheap labor to the big basic industries. The Mine Operators and the Farm Labor Office joined hands in importing 80,000 Poles, many bringing their wives and families. Further, there are thousands of black men from North Africa, chiefly around Paris.

France has only reached the point of asking what these immigrants plan to do, so far as French citizenship is concerned. French Labor is too exhausted by the bitter disputes raised by Moscow, to give an intelligible answer on its own account. But a feeble movement is on foot to establish a Ministry of Immigration, and that is probably the beginning of further steps to regulate immigration.

The alien, temporarily erased from the American picture, thus bobs up as a new question mark for Western Europe to handle.

PETRIFIED BRAINS

VON HINDENBURG. Baldwin of Britain. Coolidge.

Coolidge. Baldwin of Britain. Von Hindenburg.

Three of a kind. The Germans of Germany always have sought hard to prove themselves a stubborn and stiff-necked people. "Your brains are petrified in slavery," Mirabeau wrote them at the time of the French Revolution. Therefore, the Wooden Statue of the War has been made President. The Communists, as usual elsewhere, assisted the victory of reaction by putting up an independent candidate. They have made a fetish of Violence, under any and all circumstances—and hope that this will work in that direction. But Violence can be Fascist as well as Communist—a thing more likely to happen in Germany.

American Capitalism is pleased with the outcome. Mellon and Gary interpret it as a victory for "conservatism." They recognize Hindenburg as one of their own. As for the German workers, their fate is more in the hands of American Capital than in that of their own rulers. Deutschland is for the present merely a province of Wall Street. Any move of the workers for a betterment of their conditions must be a move against Wall Street more than against Von Hindenburg. But he gives Wall Street further excuses for tightening the outside grip.



BOOK NOTES

Edited by PRINCE HOPKINS

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP TRIUMPHANT

REFERENCE was made in our last issue to Carl Thompson's *PUBLIC OWNERSHIP*, recently issued by Thomas Y. Crowell of New York. We cannot forebare from calling it again to the attention of our readers. It is a storehouse of information on what has been accomplished in the way of public ownership, particularly in America.

The chief purpose of the book, as the author contends, is "to present an impartial survey of what has actually been done in the field of public ownership of public utilities." Even though the author is Secretary of the Public Ownership League of America, he carries out his study in the manner which he has set down. In a way, he is almost apologetic in his approach to the subject, and takes some time to warn his readers that public ownership is not bolshevistic or even socialistic. Just why that apology was needed, we are not aware. So many things of necessity and merit have had these and similar terms hurled at them, that they have become quite outworn. Perhaps the American public still needs enlightenment on those lines.

The numerous enterprises under public ownership and operation in the United States is quite surprising, when they are summed up. Even one more or less familiar with the tendencies in that direction is struck by the great necessity for the book which brings all of them to light.

Mr. Thompson starts out with those things which are most obvious, but which very few people think of as arguments for public ownership. The schools, libraries, the postal system and other like services under government ownership are discussed in detail. The Government Railroad in Alaska is also shown as one of those things which the government can manage well when no one else will dare do them. We are also struck by the persistent efforts to attain further public ownership, which spring up time after time, even though temporarily fated to defeat. Both American miners and railwaymen have put forth public ownership of their industries as the goal they mean to reach. Both have insisted that this form of ownership must be accompanied, however, by workers participation in control. More and more, it seems, this will be the form that the demand for public ownership will take, particularly in America.

The big fight at the present is to hold the water power of this country for government uses and operation rather than for private exploitation by the Power Trust. That a number of water-power plants are already under government ownership and operation is a pleasing bit of news which the book brings. Of course, these projects are small compared to the great Giant Power plans that are now on foot. But their successful conduct demonstrates what might be the happy result of government invasion of that field. The great Ontario Hydro-Electric system stands out, in bold relief, as a monument to the possibilities of this form of ownership. Trade unionists and students of labor and economic problems can do no better than to have this source-book of information in their libraries.

ABOUT THE STARS

JOSEPH McCABE is a wonder. He's one of the few men living who combine an amazing knowledge of all the sciences, with a thoroughly human outlook and the ability to set his erudition down in such a way as to fascinate the most prosaic reader.

The latest proof of this is his little book on *THE WONDERS OF THE STARS*. Unlike almost any book on astronomy (those of Sir Robert Bale excepted) it doesn't grow technical and dull after the opening chapter, but the last pages are as interesting as the first.

OUR MODERN PROBLEMS

SELDOM have I read a more thoughtful book on any social topic than *CHRISTIANITY AND THE RACE PROBLEM*, by J. H. Oldham (Geo. H. Doran, \$2.25 net). Where he expresses an opinion, he supports it with the testimony of scientists and observers.

His thesis is that "young children seldom show any sign of race or color prejudice"; hence this is not instinctive, but instilled into them after birth. The weakest point of the book is that Mr. Oldham seems unacquainted with the factors which act upon the very young child, and become the basis upon which color and other phobias grow up in later life. For this reason, his handling of the question of intermarriage between the races is unconvincing. He doesn't realize that the black man constantly appears in the phantasies of white women as the ideal of sexual potency. Desiring him, therefore, she protects herself by repressing this desire into her unconscious mind and holding in her conscious mind the opposite feeling, namely that she fears him. A fictitious legend grows up that the black is abnormally given to attacking white girls (what is secretly desired by them); wherefore in parts of the south no white girl goes among the negro population unarméd. The white male, of course, is genuinely antagonized through sexual jealousy.

Although apparently unaware of this aspect of the question, Mr. Oldham meets frankly all the difficulties which are more commonly brought forward to support the attitude of racial aloofness. He shows what an enormous factor in the situation the economic one is; this is his strongest contribution. He offers much mature, well-considered advice as to how the friction may be reduced and the stage cleared for tenders of fair-play and good-will.

A SOMEWHAT heavier mentality is that of P. H. Parsons, Ph.D., in *AN INTRODUCTION TO MODERN PROBLEMS* (A. A. Knopf, 1924). In the preface, he dedicates the book in a way to social workers—but he broadens out into very general fields of sociology.

Increasing divorce, each of sufficient interest in public affairs, concentration of wealth by the capitalist system, etc., are speeding American civilization on the downward path taken by ancient societies. But our greater knowledge may save us. "Scientific philanthropy is the answer of the modern world to the ills of our time," although "the righteousness ideal, guided only by the emotions . . . has vastly increased human wretchedness."

Workers need not waste time or money in reading Dr. Parsons' effort. The book is mentioned here largely because it is in the market. It is one of the great number of unnecessary books that keep the printers busy, but without gain to any of the rest of us.

Our Soft Coal Miners

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